GOLD KEY

CAVE KIDS CE

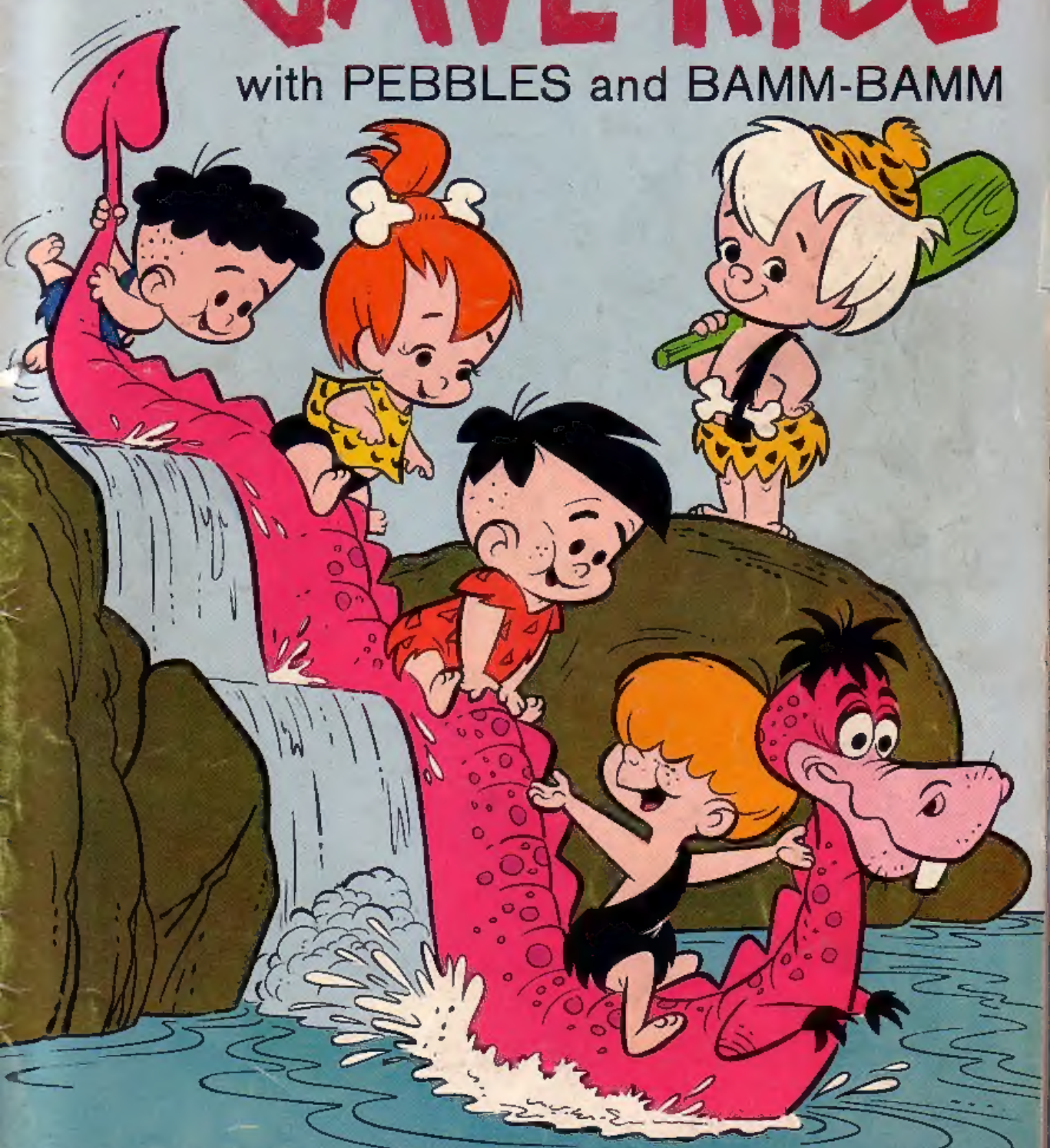
12c

10044-412
DECEMBER

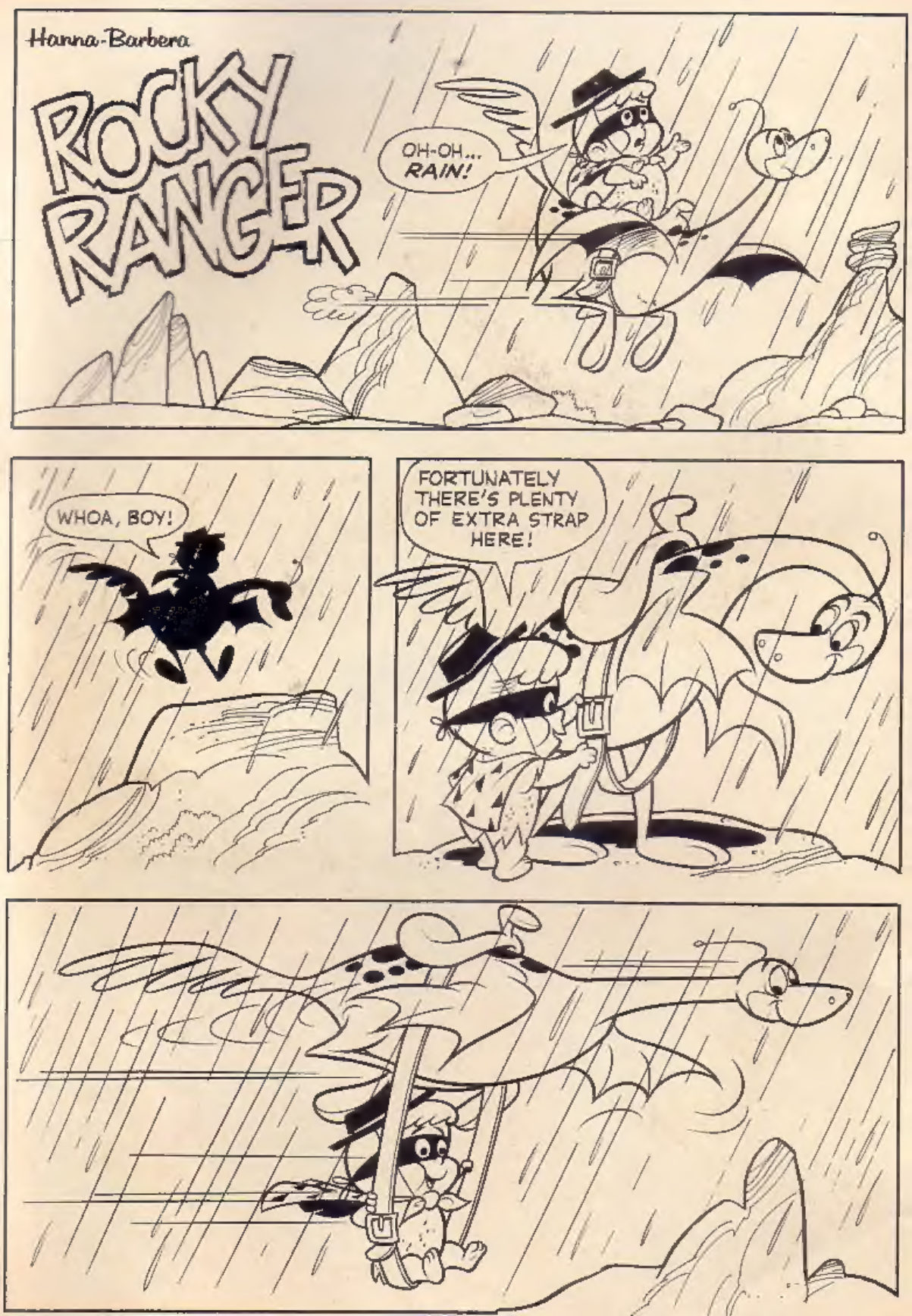
HANNA-BARBERA

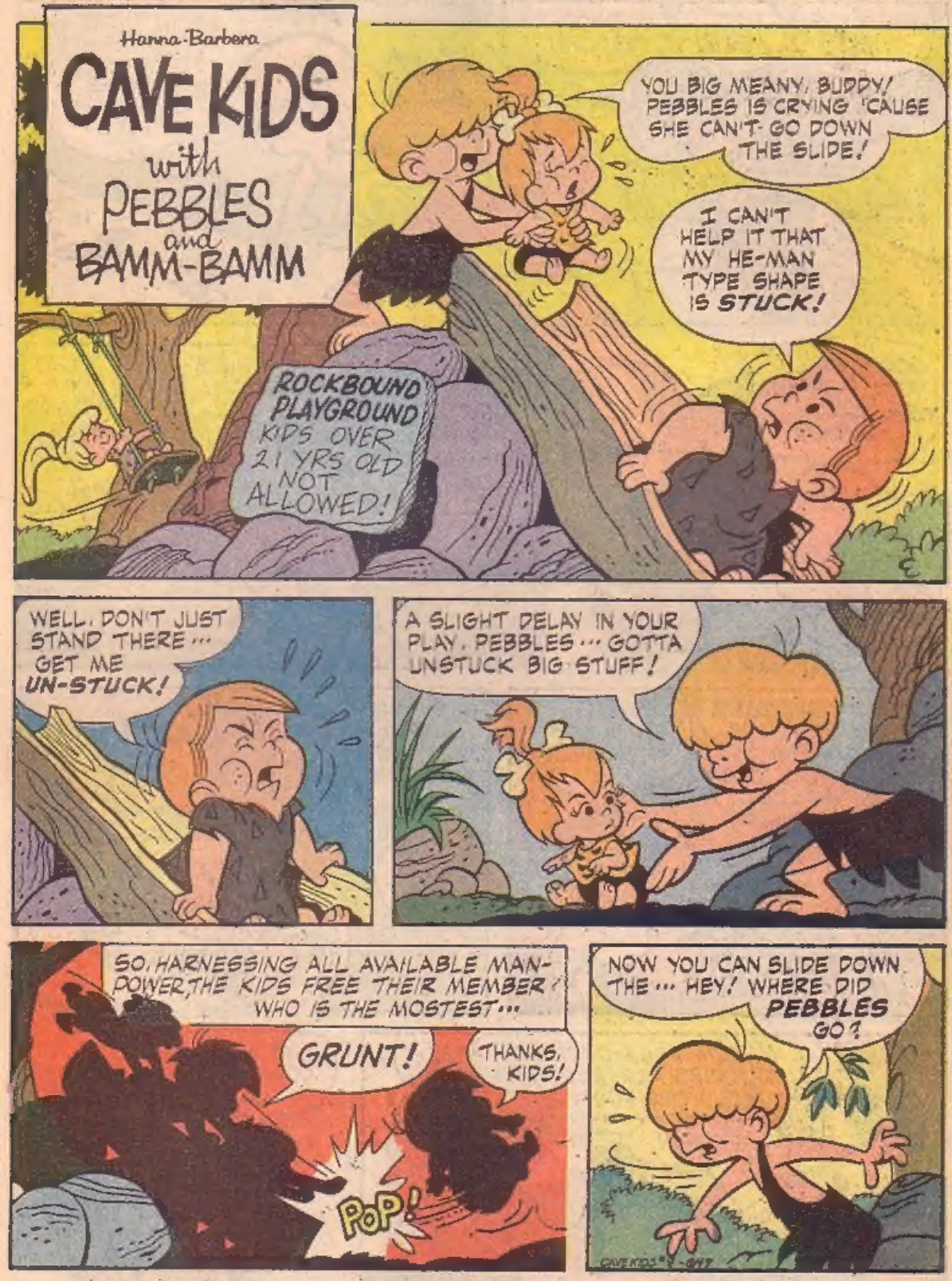
CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM

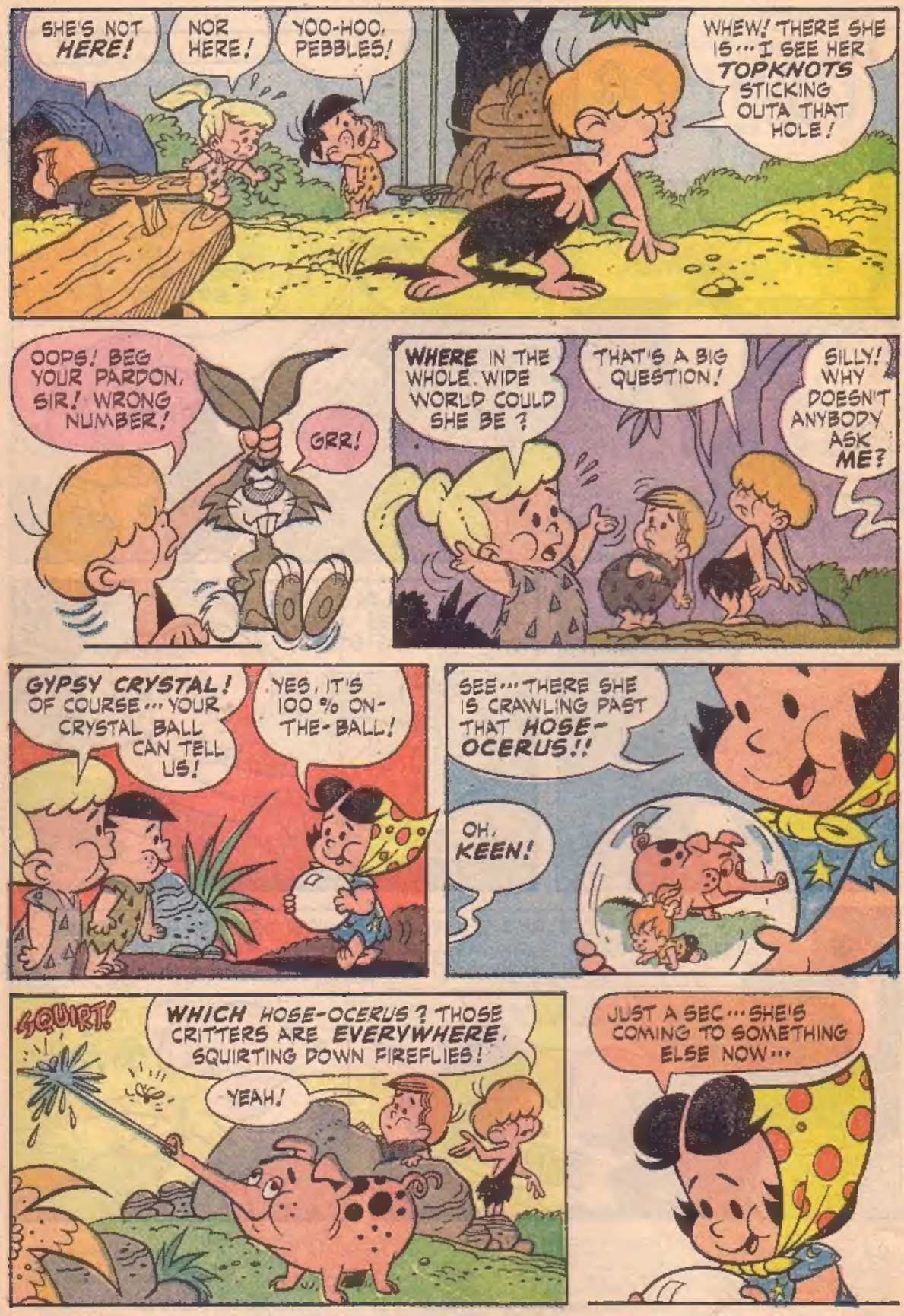


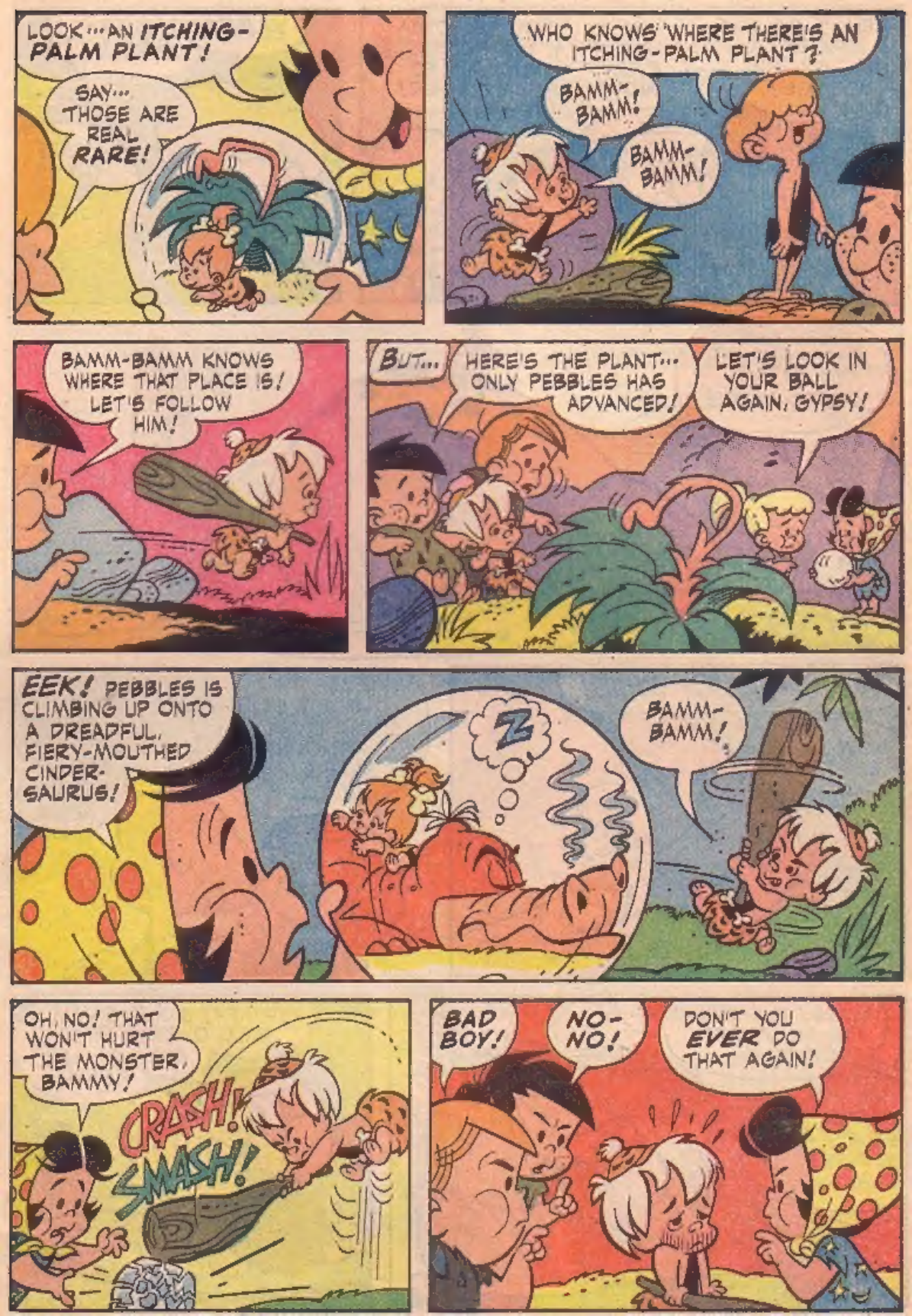
© 1964, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.


Hanna-Barbera
ROCKY RANGER
OH-OH... RAIN!
WHOA, BOY!
FORTUNATELY THERE'S PLENTY OF EXTRA STRAP HERE!

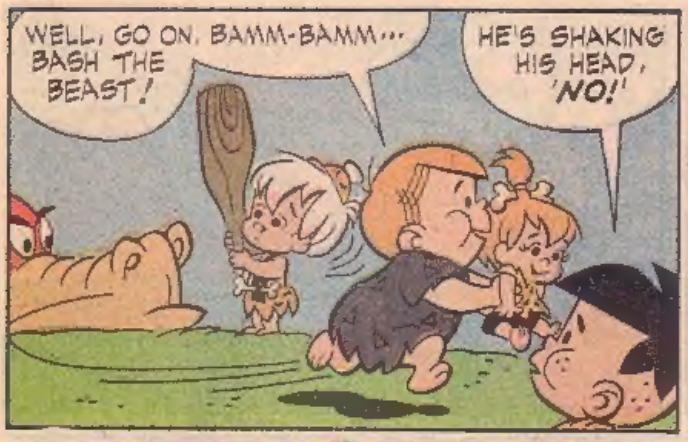

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
with
PEBBLES
and
BAMM-BAMM
YOU BIG MEANY, BUDDY! PEBBLES IS CRYING 'CAUSE SHE CAN'T GO DOWN THE SLIDE!
I CAN'T HELP IT THAT MY HE-MAN TYPE SHAPE IS STUCK!
ROCKBOUND PLAYGROUND KIDS OVER 21 YRS OLD NOT ALLOWED!
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE... GET ME UN-STUCK!
A SLIGHT DELAY IN YOUR PLAY, PEBBLES... GOTTA UNSTUCK BIG STUFF!
SO, HARNESSING ALL AVAILABLE MAN-POWER, THE KIDS FREE THEIR MEMBER WHO IS THE MOSTEST...
GRUNT!
THANKS, KIDS!
POP!
NOW YOU CAN SLIDE DOWN THE... HEY! WHERE DID PEBBLES GO?

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.
CAVE KIDS, No. 7, December, 1964. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York, in cooperation with Golden Press, Inc. Application for second-class entry pending at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1964, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

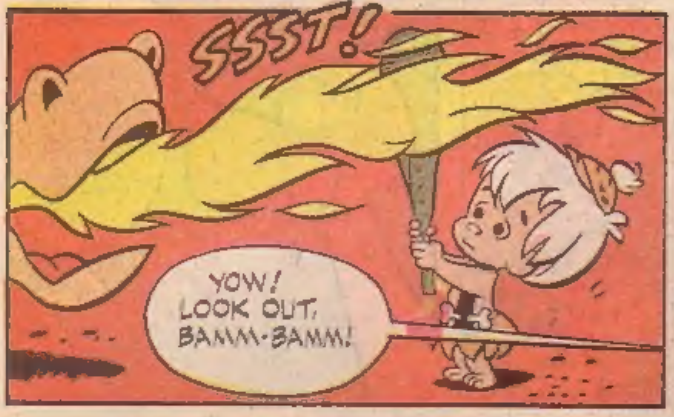

SHE'S NOT HERE!
NOR HERE!
YOO-HOO, PEBBLES!
WHEW! THERE SHE IS... I SEE HER TOPKNOTS STICKING OUTA THAT HOLE!
OOPS! BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR! WRONG NUMBER!
GRR!
WHERE IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD COULD SHE BE?
THAT'S A BIG QUESTION!
SILLY! WHY DOESN'T ANYBODY ASK ME?
GYPSY CRYSTAL! OF COURSE... YOUR CRYSTAL BALL CAN TELL US!
YES, IT'S 100% ON-THE-BALL!
SEE... THERE SHE IS CRAWLING PAST THAT HOSE-OCERUS!!
OH, KEEN!
SQUIRT!
WHICH HOSE-OCERUS? THOSE CRITTERS ARE EVERYWHERE, SQUIRTING DOWN FIREFLIES!
YEAH!
JUST A SEC... SHE'S COMING TO SOMETHING ELSE NOW...

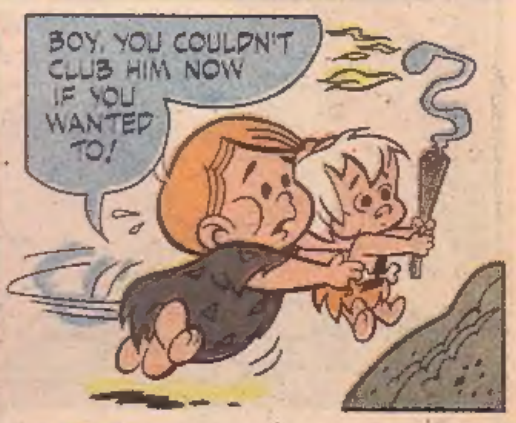

LOOK··· AN ITCHING-PALM PLANT!
SAY··· THOSE ARE REAL RARE!
WHO KNOWS WHERE THERE'S AN ITCHING-PALM PLANT?
BAMM-BAMM!
BAMM-BAMM!
BAMM-BAMM KNOWS WHERE THAT PLACE IS! LET'S FOLLOW HIM!
BUT...
HERE'S THE PLANT··· ONLY PEBBLES HAS ADVANCED!
LET'S LOOK IN YOUR BALL AGAIN, GYPSY!
EEK! PEBBLES IS CLIMBING UP ONTO A DREADFUL, FIERY-MOUTHED CINDER-SAURUS!
Z
BAMM-BAMM!
OH, NO! THAT WON'T HURT THE MONSTER, BAMMY!
CRASH!
SMASH!
BAD BOY!
NO-NO!
DON'T YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN!

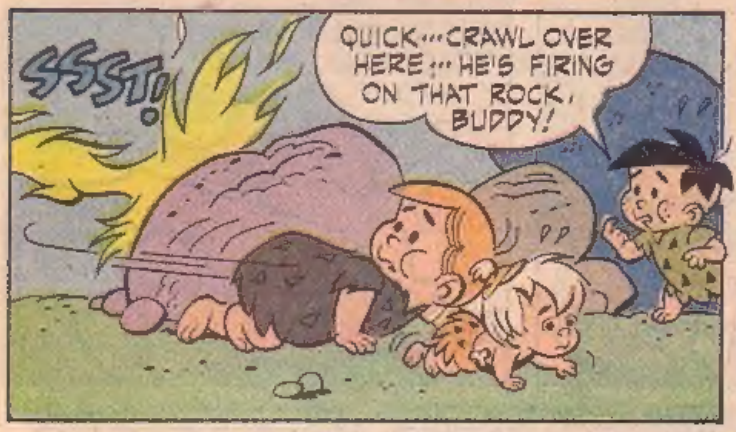
WELL, I DO HAVE A SPARE CRYSTAL BALL BACK IN MY CAVE!
THAT'S NO HELP RIGHT NOW!
WE'VE GOTTA GET TO PEBBLES QUICK TO SAVE HER!
YABBA-DABBA-GOO!
HUH? THAT'S PEBBLES' VOICE!
THERE SHE IS... WAY UP ON TOP OF THE CINDER-SAURUS!
Z
YABBA-DABBA-WHEE!
NOW I GET IT...
SHE WAS MAD 'CAUSE I GOT STUCK IN THE PLAYGROUND SLIDE!
SO SHE WENT OFF TO FIND ANOTHER SLIDE ...(GULP!) A REAL LIVING ONE!
YIKES! BUT THE SLIDE HAS AN UNHAPPY ENDING...
BOP!
SNORT!
THE CINDER-SAURUS IS RUDELY AWAKENED!
HEH-HEH! BAMM-BAMM WILL QUICKLY PUT HIM BACK TO SLEEP AGAIN!

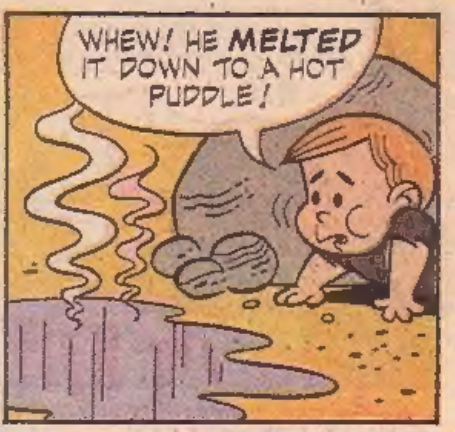

WELL, GO ON, BAMM-BAMM... BASH THE BEAST!
HE'S SHAKING HIS HEAD, 'NO!'

REMEMBER? WE JUST GOT THROUGH BAWLING HIM OUT FOR BASHING THE CINDER-SAURUS' IMAGE IN MY CRYSTAL BALL!
A FINE TIME FOR HIM TO REFORM!

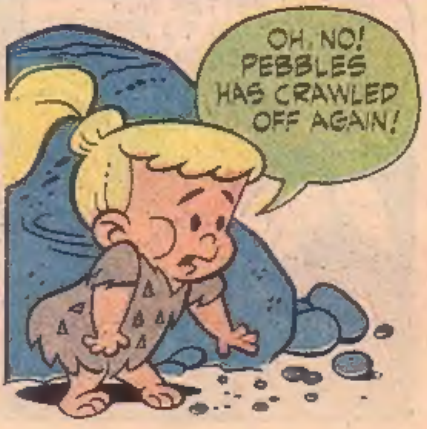

SSST!
YOW! LOOK OUT, BAMM-BAMM!

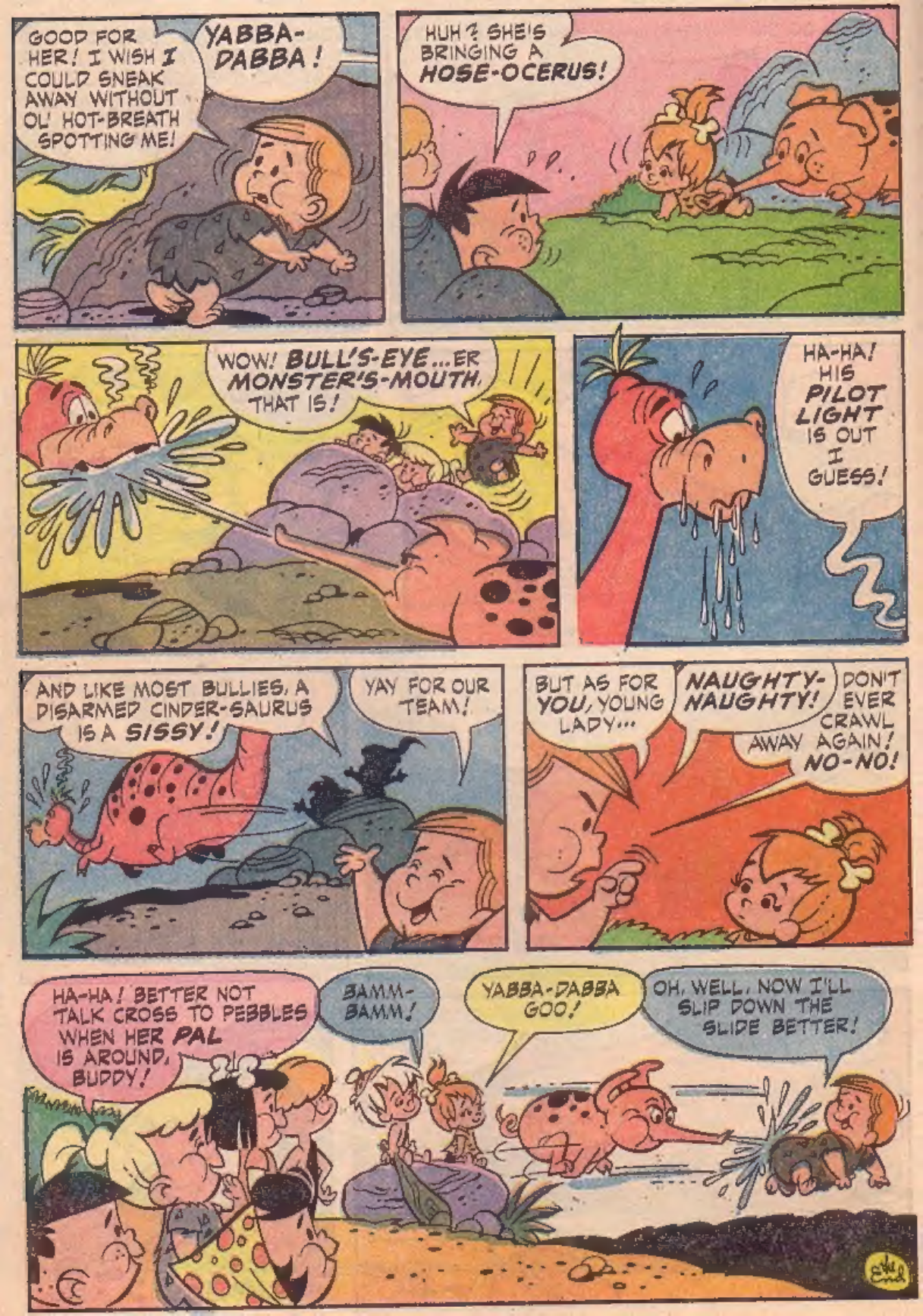

BOY, YOU COULDN'T CLUB HIM NOW IF YOU WANTED TO!

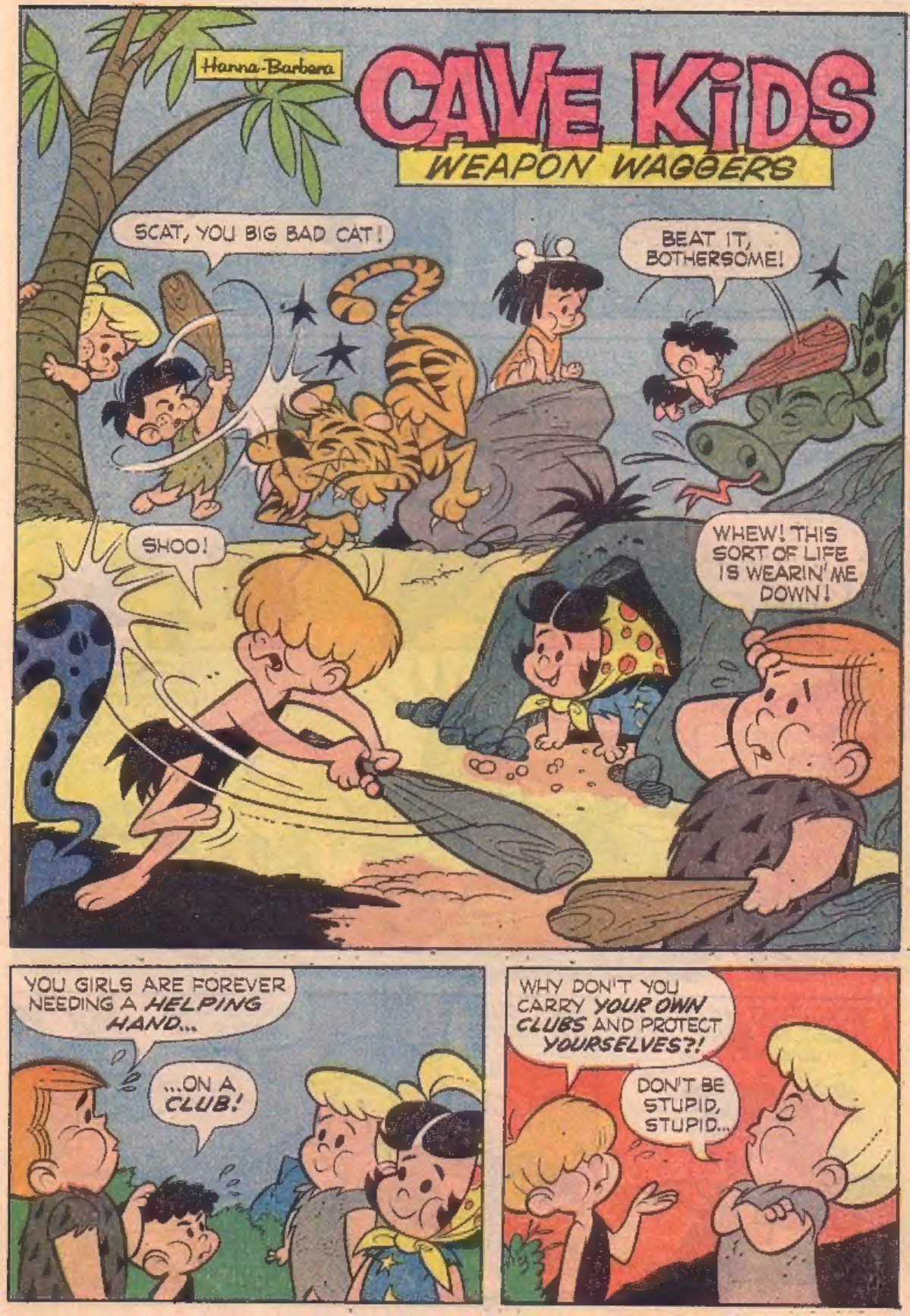

SSST!
QUICK... CRAWL OVER HERE... HE'S FIRING ON THAT ROCK, BUDDY!


WHEW! HE MELTED IT DOWN TO A HOT PUDDLE!

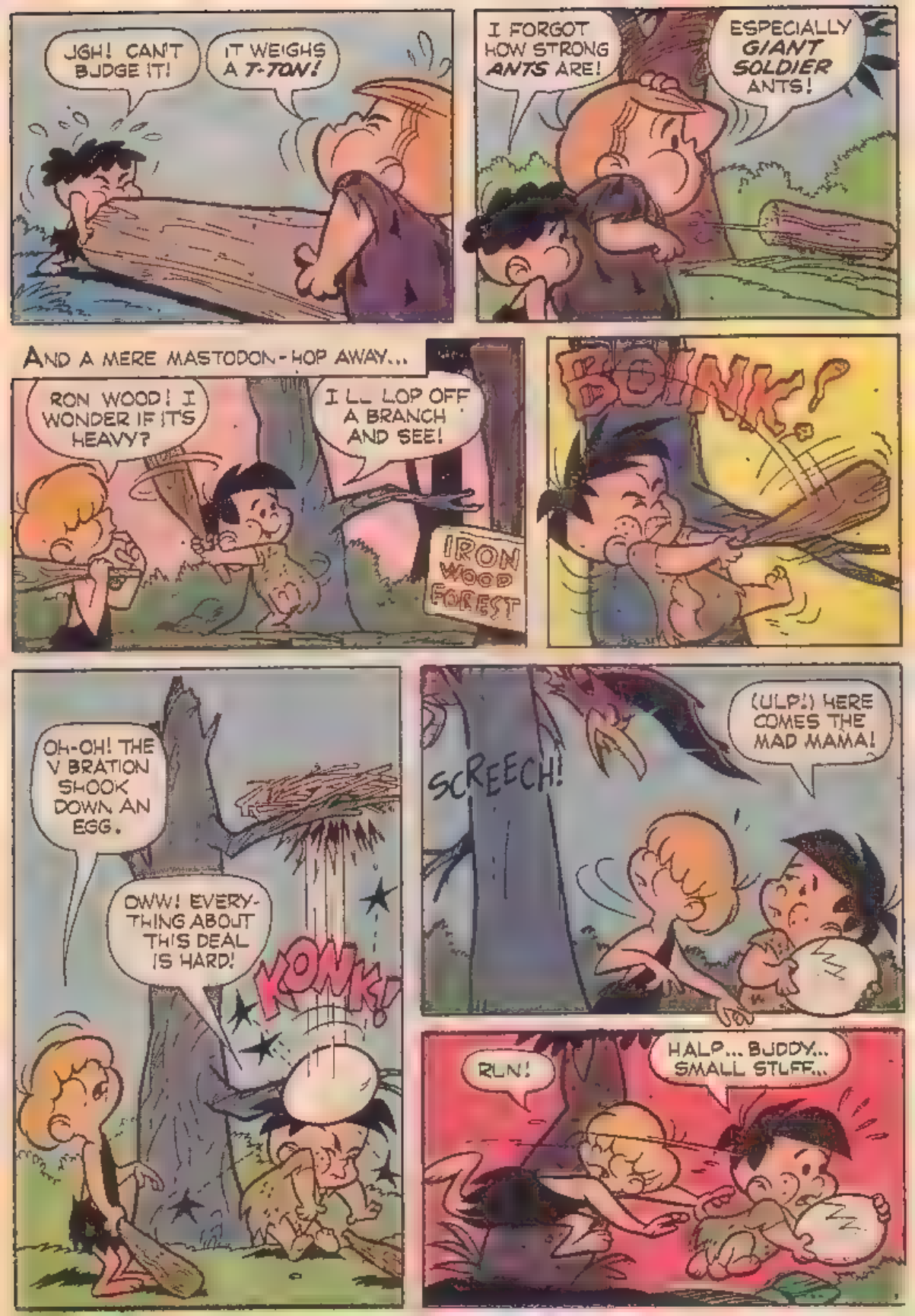
OH-OH! ROCK-BY-ROCK HE'S GOING TO HUNT US DOWN!
S-S-S-S-ST!
K-KEEP MOVING!


OH, NO! PEBBLES HAS CRAWLED OFF AGAIN!

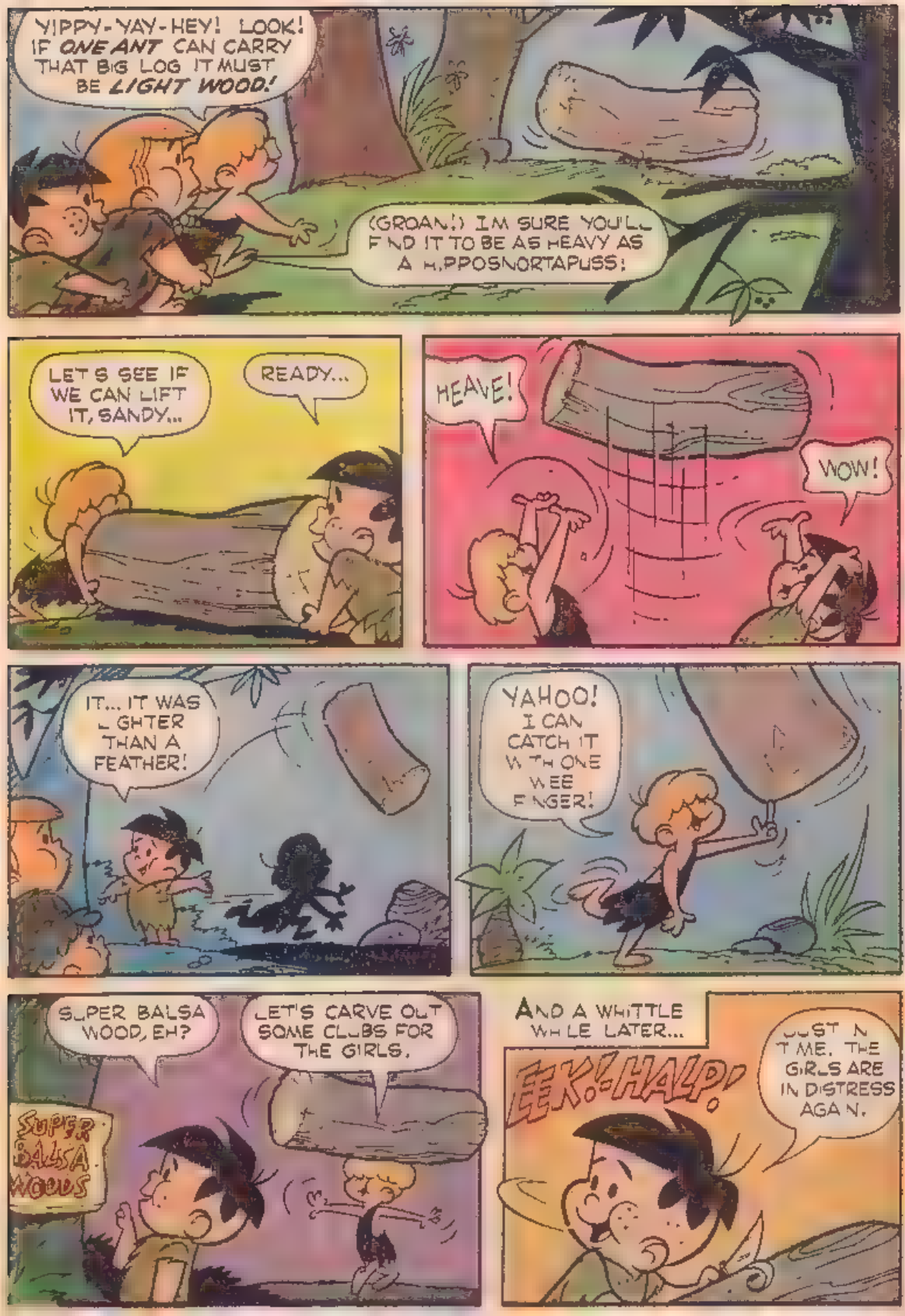

GOOD FOR HER! I WISH I COULD SNEAK AWAY WITHOUT OL' HOT-BREATH SPOTTING ME!
YABBA-DABBA!
HUH? SHE'S BRINGING A HOSE-OCERUS!
WOW! BULL'S-EYE...ER MONSTER'S-MOUTH, THAT IS!
HA-HA! HIS PILOT LIGHT IS OUT I GUESS!
AND LIKE MOST BULLIES, A DISARMED CINDER-SAURUS IS A SISSY!
YAY FOR OUR TEAM!
BUT AS FOR YOU, YOUNG LADY...
NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY!
DON'T EVER CRAWL AWAY AGAIN! NO-NO!
HA-HA! BETTER NOT TALK CROSS TO PEBBLES WHEN HER PAL IS AROUND, BUDDY!
BAMM-BAMM!
YABBA-DABBA GOO!
OH, WELL, NOW I'LL SLIP DOWN THE SLIDE BETTER!
THE END

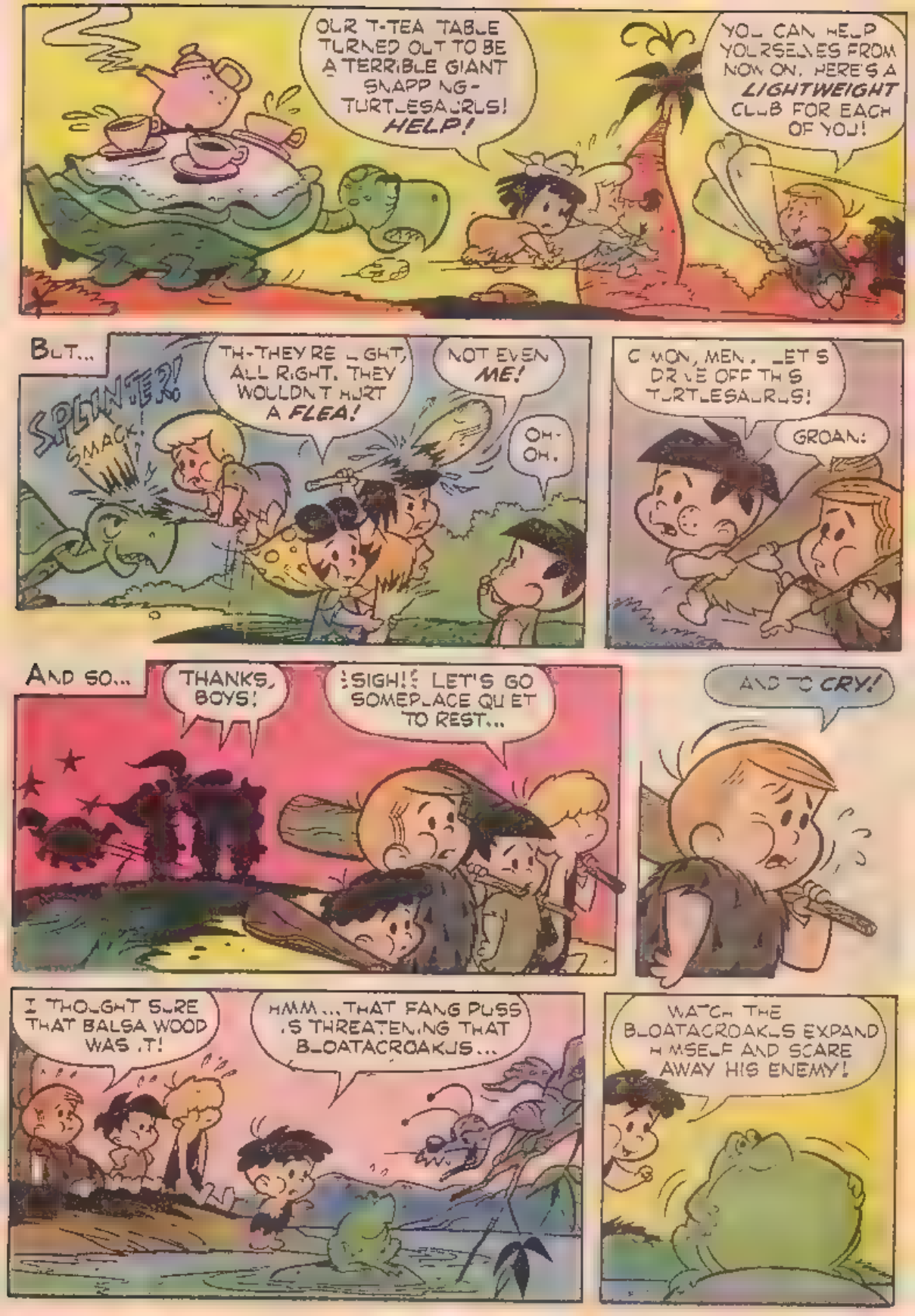

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
WEAPON WAGGERS
SCAT, YOU BIG BAD CAT!
BEAT IT, BOTHERSOME!
SHOO!
WHEW! THIS SORT OF LIFE IS WEARIN' ME DOWN!
YOU GIRLS ARE FOREVER NEEDING A HELPING HAND...
...ON A CLUB!
WHY DON'T YOU CARRY YOUR OWN CLUBS AND PROTECT YOURSELVES?!
DON'T BE STUPID, STUPID...

YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT GIRLS AREN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO WAG BIG HEAVY CLUBS AROUND!
WELL...SEE YOU SOON!
YEAH...AS SOON AS THEY GET IN A JAM AGAIN!
WHAT THEY NEED IS A GOOD LIGHT-WEIGHT KIND OF CLUB!
BUT WILL THEY LOOK FOR SUCH A THING...?
NO...
THEN IT'S UP TO US TO SUPPLY THEM WITH SUITABLE WEAPONS!
EITHER THAT OR WE'LL BECOME OLD MEN AT A TENDER AGE!
LET'S SPLIT UP INTO TWO TEAMS!
THERE'S A FOREST OVER THIS WAY, BUDDY!
HEY...THAT WOOD MUST BE VERY LIGHT!
SEE? ONLY TWO ANTS CARRYING A LOG!
GIRL'S CLUB MATERIAL!


JGH! CAN'T BUDGE IT!
IT WEIGHS A T-TON!
I FORGOT HOW STRONG ANTS ARE!
ESPECIALLY GIANT SOLDIER ANTS!
AND A MERE MASTODON-HOP AWAY...
RON WOOD! I WONDER IF ITS HEAVY?
I LL LOP OFF A BRANCH AND SEE!
IRON WOOD FOREST
BOINK!
OH-OH! THE V BRATION SHOOK DOWN AN EGG.
OWW! EVERY-THING ABOUT THIS DEAL IS HARD!
KONK!
SCREECH!
(ULP!) HERE COMES THE MAD MAMA!
RUN!
HALP... BUDDY... SMALL STUFF...

HALP!
HERE COME SANDY AND SHEEPY, CHASED BY A FLYIN' CREEPY!
A GOOD TEST FOR OUR NEW DISCOVERY!
A CACTUS CLUB S LIGHT ENOUGH, BUT HAS TO BE HELD W TH TONGS!
YIPES! IT'S TIPPING!
YEE-OW-WOWIE!
BONK!
NOT BAD! I'M GONNA START CALLIN YOL CLUBHEAD.
YAY FOR SMALL STUFF!
CACTUS IS A DANDY WEAPON!
ONLY IT S FOR THE B RDS!
WE RE GETTIN' NOWHERE IN RECORD T ME.
WEL...THERE S ONE MORE FOREST OVER THAT WAY...


YIPPY-YAY-HEY! LOOK! IF ONE ANT CAN CARRY THAT BIG LOG IT MUST BE LIGHT WOOD!
(GROAN!) I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND IT TO BE AS HEAVY AS A HIPPOSNORTAPUSS!
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN LIFT IT, SANDY...
READY...
HEAVE!
WOW!
IT... IT WAS LIGHTER THAN A FEATHER!
YAHOO! I CAN CATCH IT WITH ONE WEE FINGER!
SUPER BALSA WOOD, EH?
LET'S CARVE OUT SOME CLUBS FOR THE GIRLS.
SUPER BALSA WOODS
AND A WHITTLE WHILE LATER...
EEK!-HALP!
JUST IN TIME. THE GIRLS ARE IN DISTRESS AGAIN.

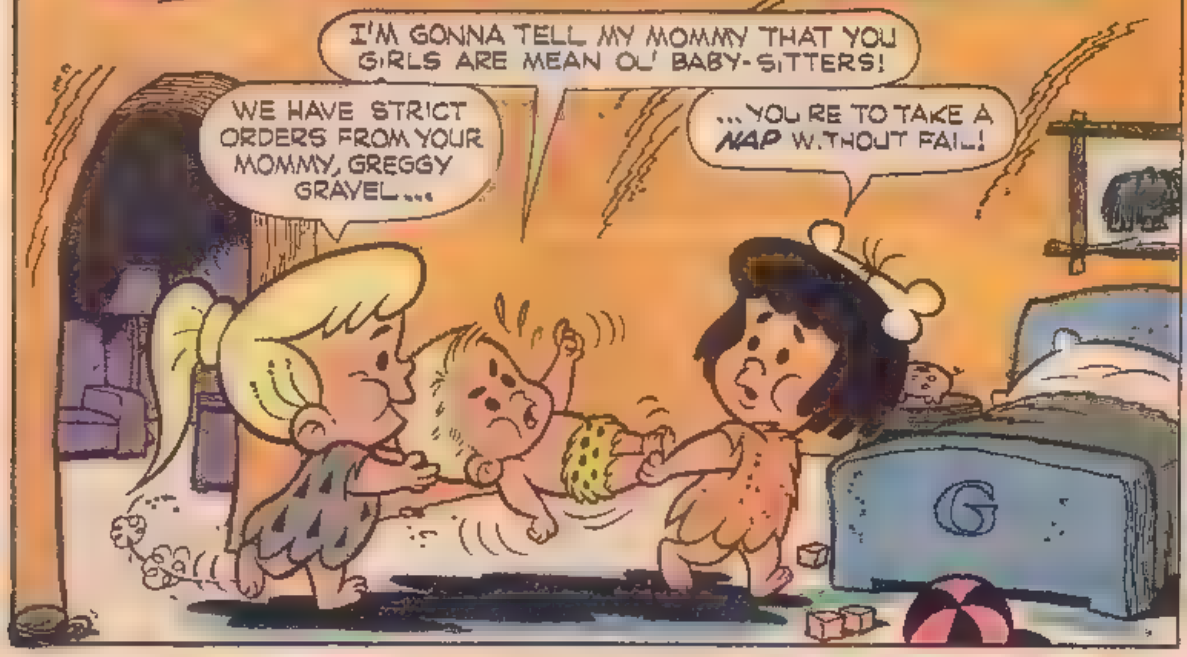

OUR T-TEA TABLE TURNED OUT TO BE A TERRIBLE GIANT SNAPP NG-TURTLESAURUS! HELP!
YOU CAN HELP YOURSELVES FROM NOW ON. HERE'S A LIGHTWEIGHT CLUB FOR EACH OF YOU!
BUT...
SPLINTER!
SMACK!
TH-THEY'RE RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. THEY WOULDN'T HURT A FLEA!
NOT EVEN ME!
OH-OH.
C'MON, MEN. LET'S DRIVE OFF THIS TURTLESAURUS!
GROAN:
AND SO...
THANKS, BOYS!
SIGH! LET'S GO SOMEPLACE QUIET TO REST...
AND TO CRY!
I THOUGHT SURE THAT BALSA WOOD WAS IT!
HMM... THAT FANG PUSS IS THREATENING THAT BLOATACROAKUS...
WATCH THE BLOATACROAKUS EXPAND HIMSELF AND SCARE AWAY HIS ENEMY!

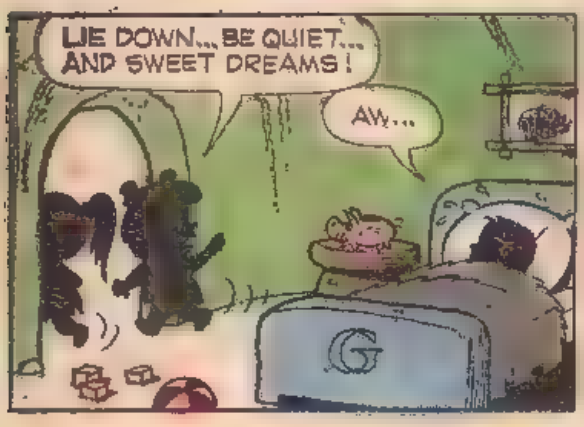
HEY! THAT'S THE PRINCIPLE WE NEED TO USE, TOO.
HUH? THE GIRLS CAN'T EXPAND THEMSELVES!
CROAK!
FLAP! FLAP!
...UNLESS THEY EAT AN AWFUL LOT OF SWEETS.
NO, NO... C'MON...
BACK UP TO THE BALSA FOREST. AND LET'S CARVE OUT SOME NEW CLUBS FOR THE GALS.
AND SO...
SEE? IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW EASILY BROKEN AND HARMLESS THE CLUBS ARE...
THE SIZE OF 'EM IS ENOUGH TO SCARE ALL THE BEASTS AWAY.
"WALK SOFTLY AND CARRY COLOSSAL CLUBS," IS OUR MOTTO.

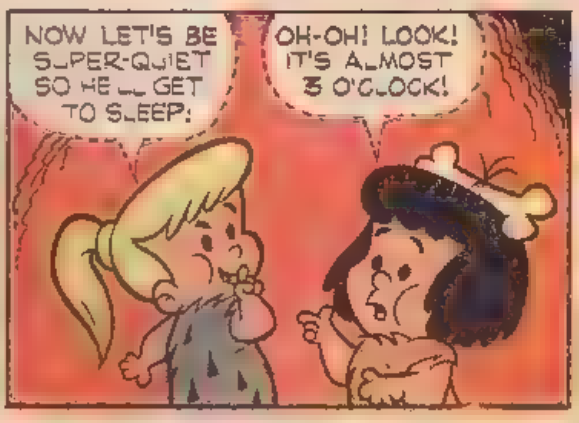
Hanna-Barbera

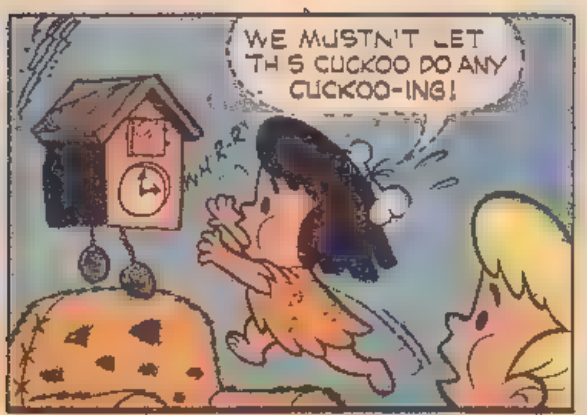
CAVE KIDS

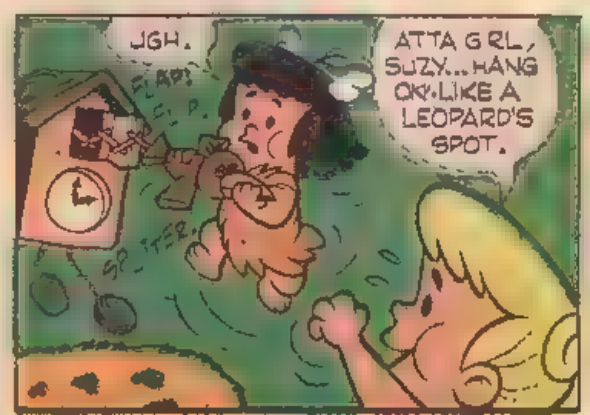
SILENCE SEEKERS

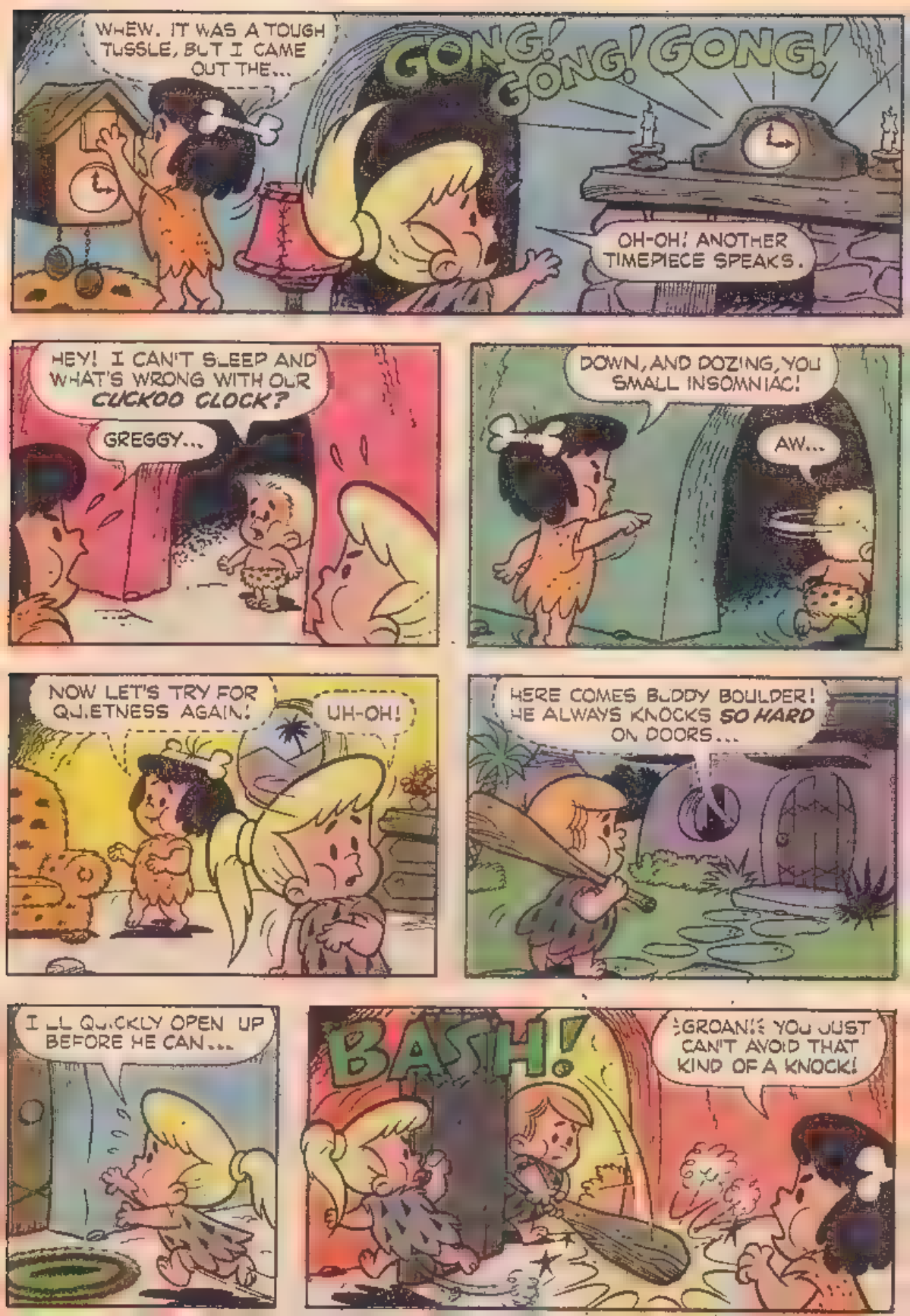

I'M GONNA TELL MY MOMMY THAT YOU GIRLS ARE MEAN OL' BABY-SITTERS!
WE HAVE STRICT ORDERS FROM YOUR MOMMY, GREGGY GRAVEL...
...YOU'RE TO TAKE A NAP WITHOUT FAIL!



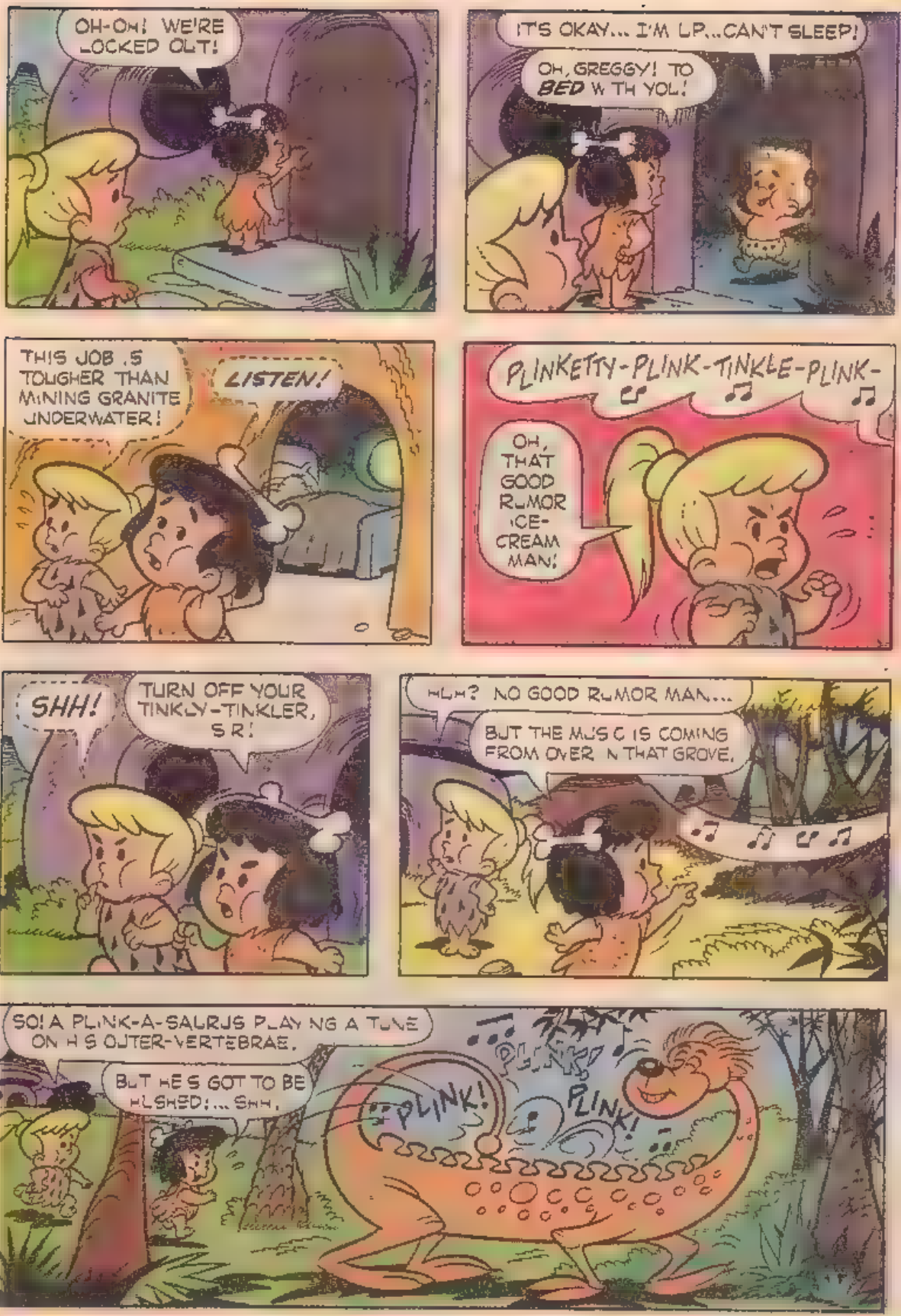


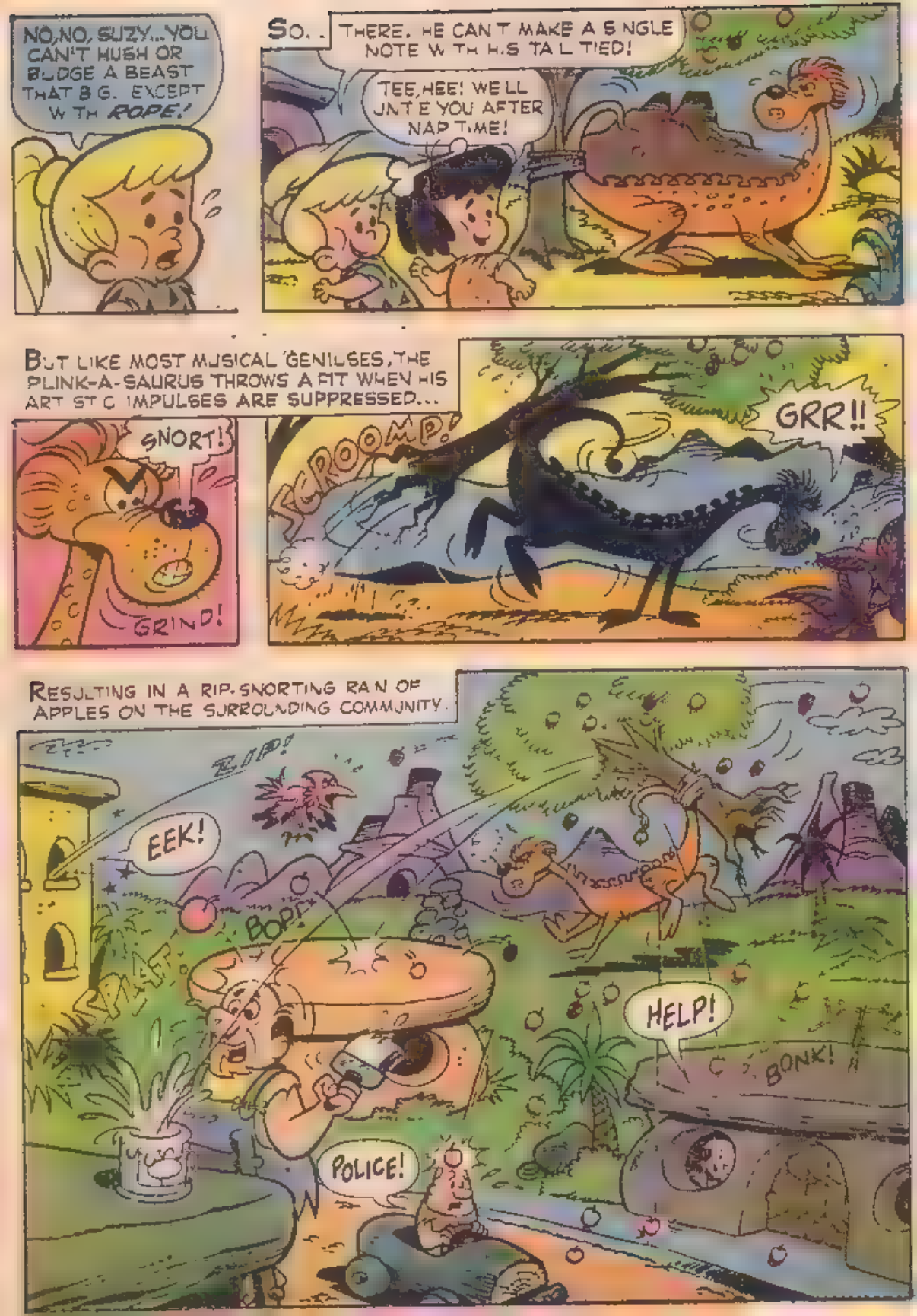


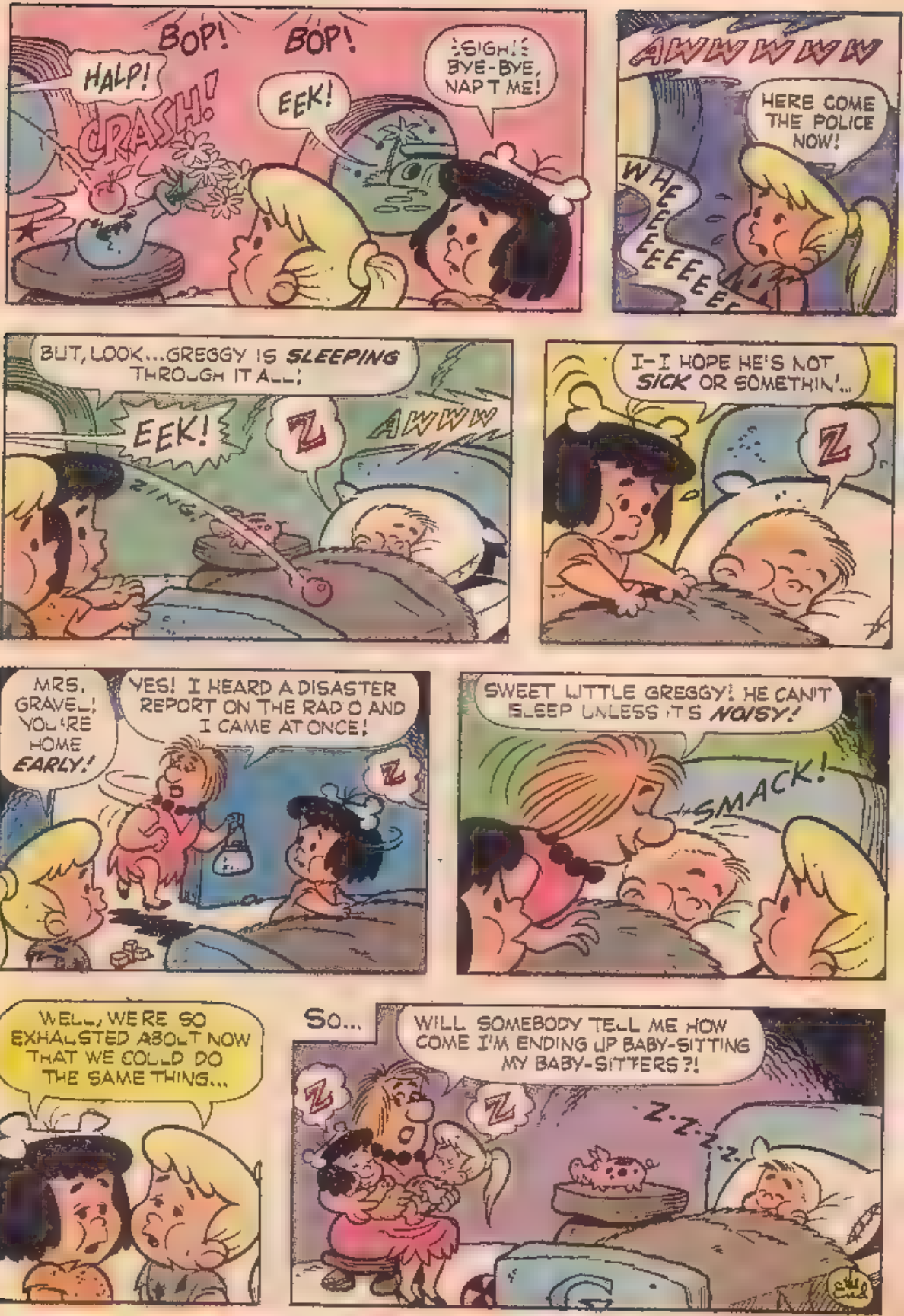


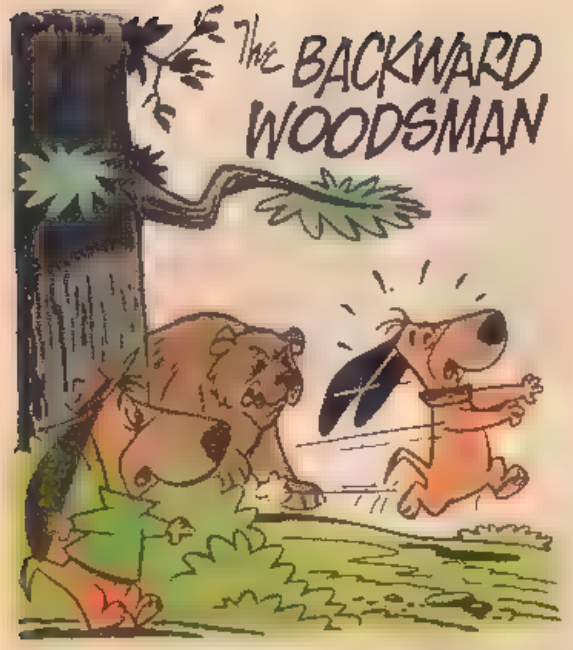

WHEW. IT WAS A TOUGH TUSSLE, BUT I CAME OUT THE...
GONG! GONG! GONG!
OH-OH! ANOTHER TIMEPIECE SPEAKS.
HEY! I CAN'T SLEEP AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR CUCKOO CLOCK?
GREGGY...
DOWN, AND DOZING, YOU SMALL INSOMNIAC!
AW...
NOW LET'S TRY FOR QUIETNESS AGAIN!
UH-OH!
HERE COMES BUDDY BOULDER! HE ALWAYS KNOCKS SO HARD ON DOORS...
I'LL QUICKLY OPEN UP BEFORE HE CAN...
BASH!
:GROAN!: YOU JUST CAN'T AVOID THAT KIND OF A KNOCK!

YOU BOISTEROUS BEAST... BEAT IT!
SCAT!
B-BUT WHAT DID I DO?
WHOOPS! COME BACK, BUDDY!
MAKE UP YOUR SILLY MINDS.
HELP US DETOUR THAT RUMBLING ROCK TRUCK DOWN ANOTHER STREET, BUDDY!
?
WHOA, MISTER... TAKE A DETOUR... OR ELSE!
RUMBLE!
CLUNK!
GULP! OKAY, KIDS.
BUT, WHAT'S THE "OR ELSE?"
OR ELSE YOU'LL KEEP GREGGY GRAVEL AWAKE.
AWK! IS THAT ALL!? I THOUGHT A BRIDGE WAS OUT OR SOMETHING.
NOW, WHERE WERE WE BEFORE... OH, YES...
?
SCAT! STAY AWAY!
SKEDADDLE!
WOMEN!


OH-OH! WE'RE LOCKED OUT!
IT'S OKAY... I'M UP...CAN'T SLEEP!
OH, GREGGY! TO BED WITH YOU!
THIS JOB IS TOUGHER THAN MINING GRANITE UNDERWATER!
LISTEN!
PLINKETTY-PLINK-TINKLE-PLINK-
OH, THAT GOOD RUMOR ICE-CREAM MAN!
SHH!
TURN OFF YOUR TINKLY-TINKLER, SIR!
HUH? NO GOOD RUMOR MAN...
BUT THE MUSIC IS COMING FROM OVER IN THAT GROVE.
SO! A PLINK-A-SAURUS PLAYING A TUNE ON HIS OUTER-VERTEBRAE.
BUT HE'S GOT TO BE HUSHED!... SHH.
PLINK!
PLINK!
PLINK!


NO, NO, SUZY... YOU CAN'T HUSH OR BUDGE A BEAST THAT B G. EXCEPT W TH ROPE!
SO..
THERE. HE CAN T MAKE A S NGLE NOTE W TH H.S TA L TIED!
TEE, HEE! WE LL JNT E YOU AFTER NAP T.ME!
BUT LIKE MOST MUSICAL 'GENILSES, THE PLINK-A-SAURUS THROWS A FIT WHEN HIS ART ST C IMPULSES ARE SUPPRESSED...
SNORT!
GRIND!
SCROOMP!
GRR!!
RESULTING IN A RIP-SNORTING RAN OF APPLES ON THE SURROUNDING COMMUNITY.
ZIP!
EEK!
BOP!
HELP!
BONK!
POLICE!


BOP!
BOP!
HALP!
CRASH!
EEK!
:SIGH:! BYE-BYE, NAP T ME!
AWWWWW
HERE COME THE POLICE NOW!
WHEEEEEEEEEE
BUT, LOOK...GREGGY IS SLEEPING THROUGH IT ALL!
EEK!
Z
AWWW
ZING!
I-I HOPE HE'S NOT SICK OR SOMETHIN'...
Z
MRS. GRAVEL, YOU'RE HOME EARLY!
YES! I HEARD A DISASTER REPORT ON THE RAD O AND I CAME AT ONCE!
Z
SWEET WITTLE GREGGY! HE CAN'T SLEEP UNLESS IT'S NOISY!
SMACK!
WELL, WE'RE SO EXHAUSTED ABOUT NOW THAT WE COULD DO THE SAME THING...
So...
WILL SOMEBODY TELL ME HOW COME I'M ENDING UP BABY-SITTING MY BABY-SITTERS?!
Z
Z
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-



"Guess what, dear Dad!" shouted Augie as he came home from school. "The Pup Scouts are camping out overnight next week!"

"Fine!" replied Doggie Daddy. "That should be fun. I wish I could go along!"

"But, dear Dad," said Augie, doubtfully, "it's going to be real rugged, and besides, aren't you, uh, kind of old?"

That was the wrong thing to say! "Me old?" Dad bristled. "Why, I'm as ragged, I mean, rugged as ever, and just to prove it, I'll spend the night in the woods all alone with no food or anything to help!"

Well, Augie was sorry he had brought the subject up, but Doggie Daddy couldn't be talked out of it. So, that evening found them both at the edge of the woods.

If Augie's dad wished he hadn't gotten himself into this, he didn't show it. "Now, don't worry, son of mine," he said. "I'll meet you here bright and early, first thing in the morning! Night night."

With that, he marched off into the woods. Augie, however, was worried. "Gosh," he thought, "I'd hate to have anything happen to dear old Dad! I better look after him, without letting him know it."

Well, it wasn't long before Dad wished he hadn't put up such a brave front, because it was late, he was hungry, and there was nothing to eat but nuts and berries.

Luck was with him, for right ahead was a big bush loaded with blackberries! "This outing will be a cinch!" he exulted. "I'll eat my fill, find a cozy place to sleep and be chipper as a chipmunk in the morning!"

But when he grabbed what he thought was a luscious berry, it turned out to be the nose of a bear cub, who let out a yowl!

Where there is a bear cub, there's usually a mother bear — as Doggie Daddy found out when he heard an angry GGRRROWL practically at his shoulder!

Augie's poor dad started to run, with Mama Bear after him! Augie, watching this horrified, had to think fast. He picked up a big pine cone and threw it at Mama, hitting her most tender spot — her nose. She stopped short, looking around for the source of annoyance, but seeing nothing, she went grumblingly back to her cub.

Doggie Daddy, meanwhile, was congratulating himself on being able to outrun a bear. Then a chilly wind came up and he thought he'd better build himself a fire, like the Indians did, by spinning a stick between his hands into a hole in another stick.

However, a few minutes of this only made his hands hot. He went to a stream to cool them off, which gave Augie a chance to light his dad's fire with a match.

When Dad came back, he thought he'd started the fire himself, after all. Pleased with his progress, he curled up beside the flickering flames and fell fast asleep.

All night long, poor Augie kept watch over his dear dad, replenishing the fire with fresh wood from time to time.

Morning came at last. Dad awoke, yawned, and said to himself with great satisfaction, "Well, I made it through the night, snug as a bug! What's so rugged about that?"

Augie, meanwhile, hurried to the edge of the woods where they had agreed to meet. But while he waited for his dad to show up, he was so tired from his all-night vigil that he fell fast asleep!

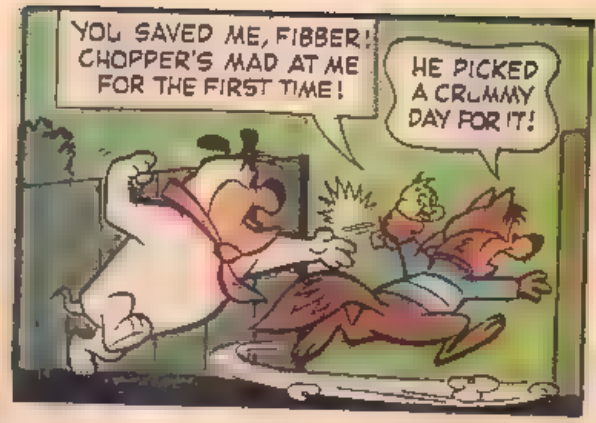
Doggie Daddy soon arrived, took one look at his snoring son, and thought, "How about that! He's all tuckered out from just a little hike up here to the woods!"

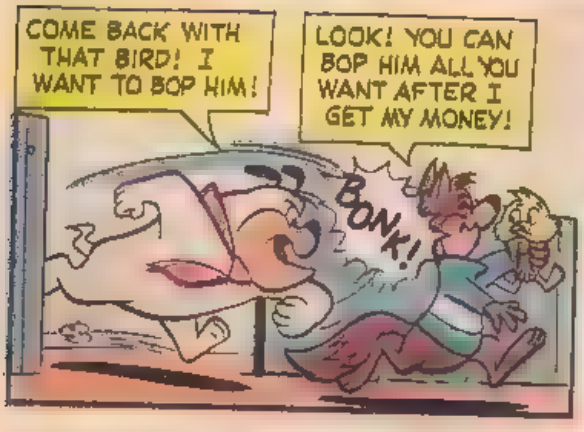
"All I can say is," Augie's dad remarked as he carried his sleeping son home, "it's a good thing this son of mine has a rugged dad like me to look after him!"

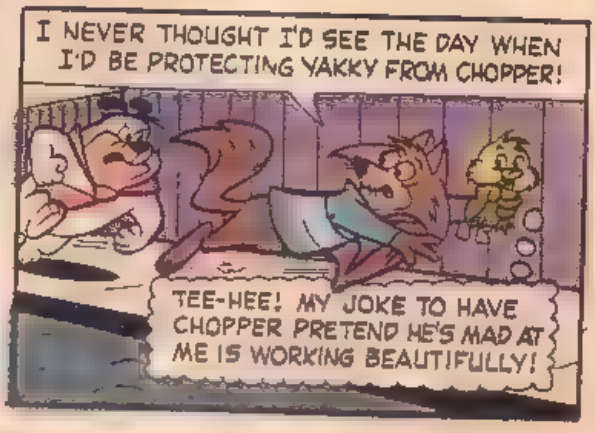
Hanna-Barbera
YAKKY DOODLE
SWITCHEROO
OH, GOODY! SOME BIRDSEED!
HERE'S WHERE I CATCH A FAT DUCKLING FOR MY DINNER!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY IT WAS RAINING WASHTUBS!
RUBBA-DUB-DUB... MY GRUB IS UNDER THE TUB!
I SAW WHAT YOU JUST DID!
(ULP!) YOU DID? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, CALL THE COPS?
HA-HA! OF COURSE NOT! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A REWARD!
YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE HIM A REWARD?
YES! I SAW HOW HE FREED YOU FROM A TRAP SOME VILLAIN HAD SET UP!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE SET THE...
HEH-HEH! HE'S STILL A LITTLE DELIRIOUS FROM BEING TRAPPED! NOW, ABOUT THAT REWARD..
OH, YES! I'M CHAIRMAN OF THE "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" CLUB.

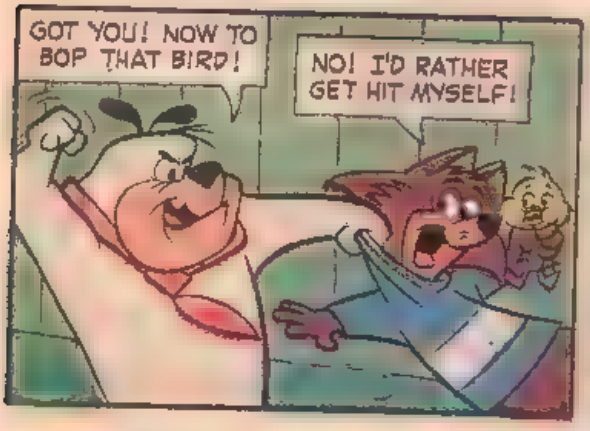
OUR CLUB HAS SET ASIDE A HUNDRED DOLLARS TO AWARD SOME ANIMAL WHO SHOWS AN ACT OF KINDNESS TO ANOTHER.
YIPPEE! SLIP ME THE MOOLA!
NOT NOW! COME TO OUR MEETING AT ONE THIS AFTERNOON... AND BRING THE LITTLE DUCK WITH YOU!
ROGER!
WHAT A FIBBER YOU ARE, FIBBER: THAT NICE MAN THINKS YOU'RE A HERO!
QUIT GRINING! HE SAVED YOUR SKIN ...TEMPORARILY!
I'LL MAKE SURE NOT A FEATHER ON YOU IS HARMED UNTIL I GET THAT MONEY!
I WON'T MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU.
(YAWN!) I'M KIND OF TIRED! I THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP!
ZOOM!
YIPE! IF I BRING A BATTERED AND BRUISED DUCK TO THAT MEETING I'LL NEVER GET THAT MONEY!
BONK!
OW: I WONDER WHAT THEY'D THINK OF A BATTERED AND BRUISED FOX?
HI, LITTLE PAL. WHAT'S NEW?
CHOPPER
PLENTY, CHOPPER! I'VE GOT A PLAN ON HOW TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH FIBBER. HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME, SO I'LL EXPLAIN IN A HURRY!

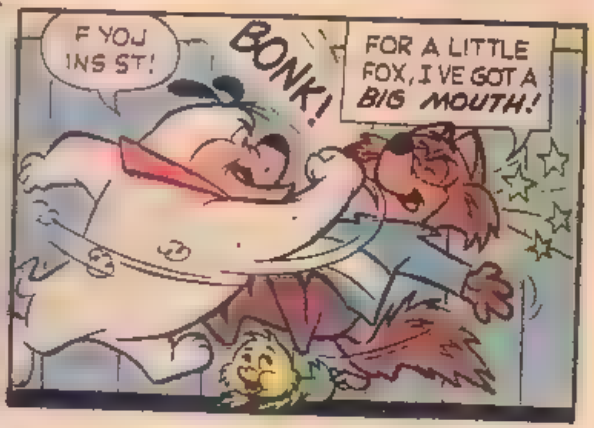
SPLIT SECONDS LATER...
OKAY, YAKKY! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THIS FOR A LONG TIME!
CHOPPER
YIPE! NOW WHAT?

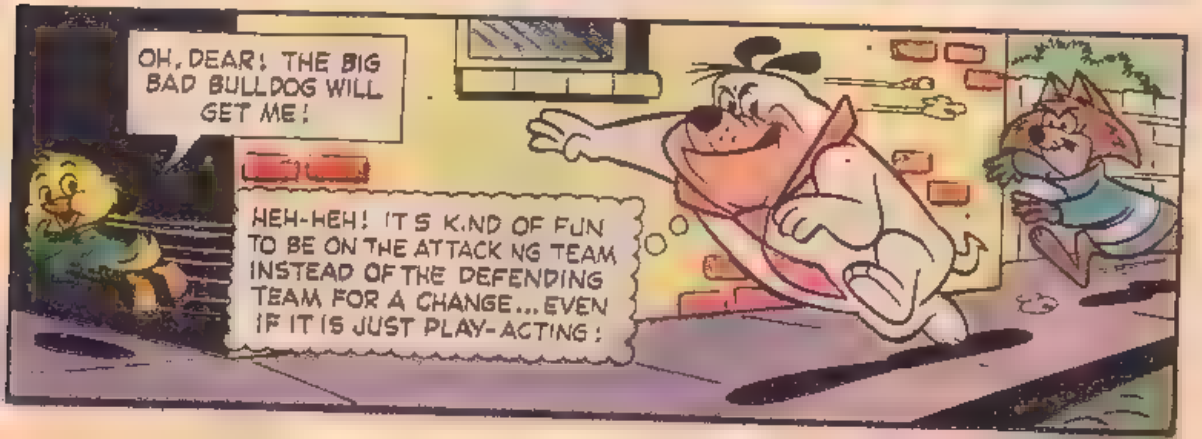

YOU SAVED ME, FIBBER! CHOPPER'S MAD AT ME FOR THE FIRST TIME!
HE PICKED A CRUMMY DAY FOR IT!

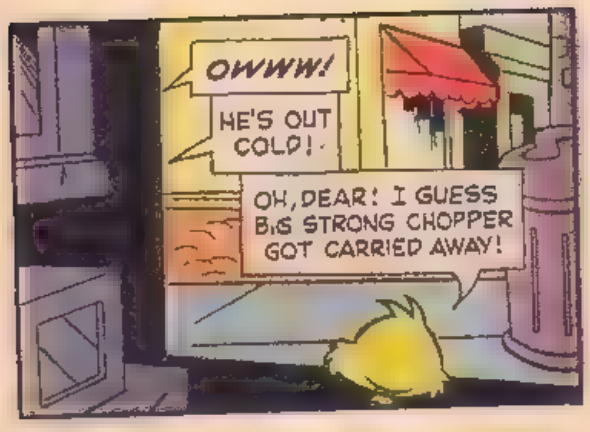

COME BACK WITH THAT BIRD! I WANT TO BOP HIM!
LOOK! YOU CAN BOP HIM ALL YOU WANT AFTER I GET MY MONEY!
BONK!

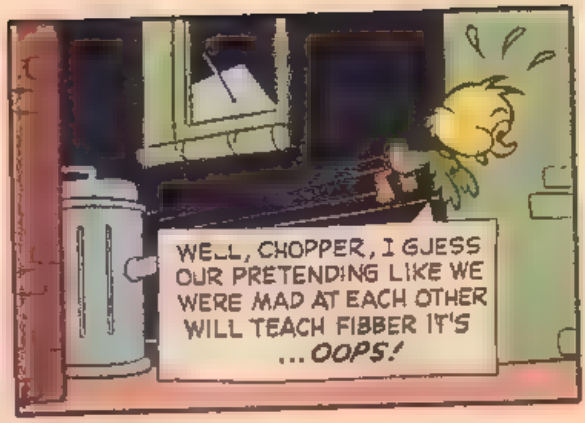

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY WHEN I'D BE PROTECTING YAKKY FROM CHOPPER!
TEE-HEE! MY JOKE TO HAVE CHOPPER PRETEND HE'S MAD AT ME IS WORKING BEAUTIFULLY!

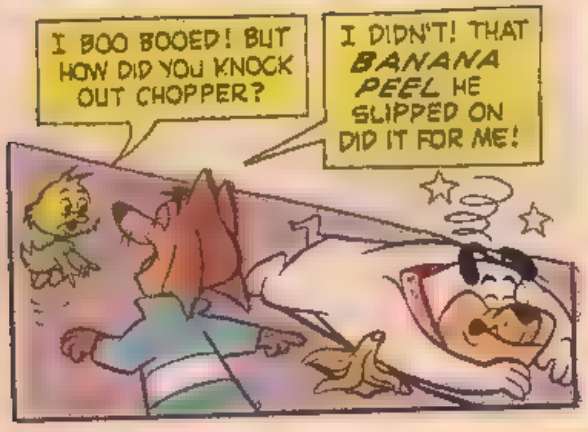

GOT YOU! NOW TO BOP THAT BIRD!
NO! I'D RATHER GET HIT MYSELF!

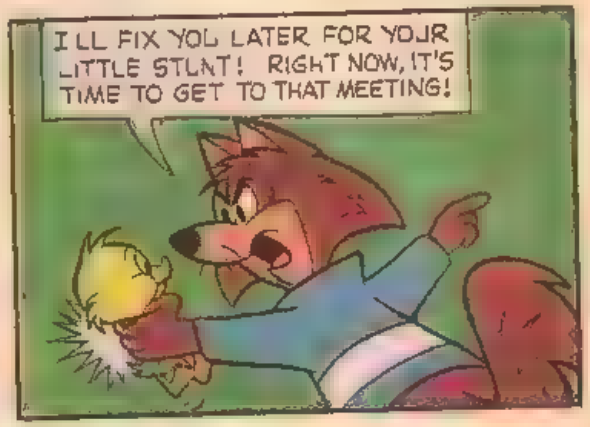

F YOJ INS ST!
BONK!
FOR A LITTLE FOX, I VE GOT A BIG MOUTH!

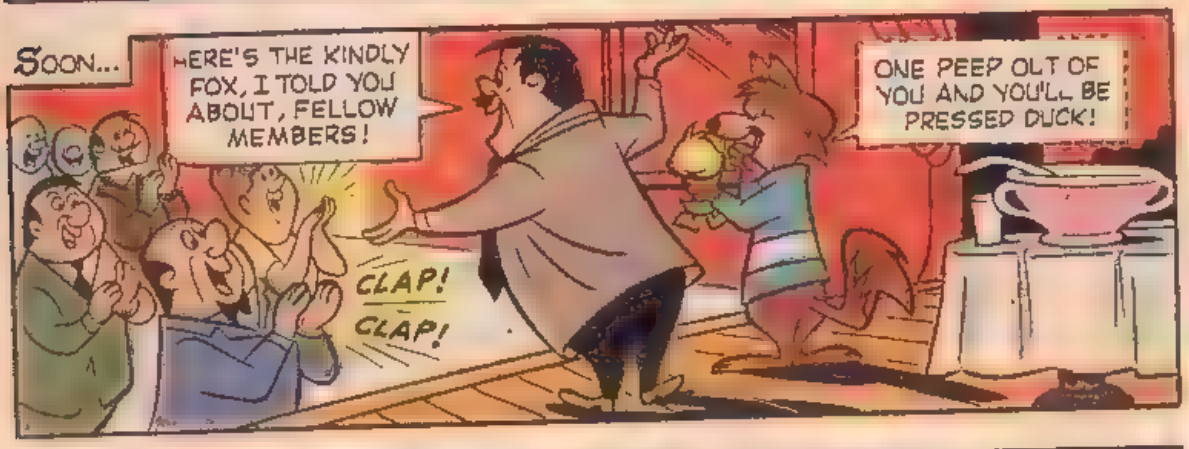

OH, DEAR! THE BIG BAD BULLDOG WILL GET ME!
HEH-HEH! IT S K.ND OF FUN TO BE ON THE ATTACK NG TEAM INSTEAD OF THE DEFENDING TEAM FOR A CHANGE... EVEN IF IT IS JUST PLAY-ACTING!

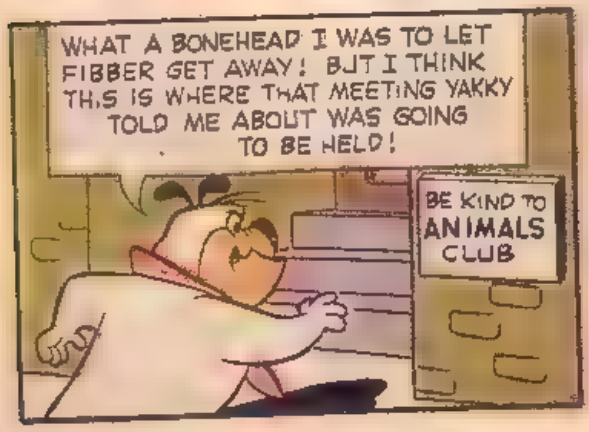

OWWW!
HE'S OUT COLD!
OH, DEAR! I GUESS BIG STRONG CHOPPER GOT CARRIED AWAY!

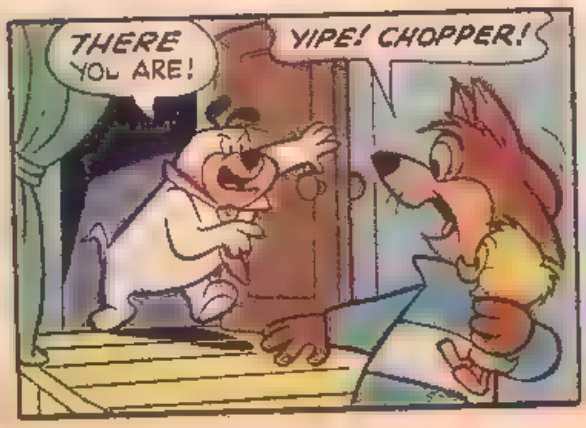

WELL, CHOPPER, I GUESS OUR PRETENDING LIKE WE WERE MAD AT EACH OTHER WILL TEACH FIBBER IT'S ...OOPS!

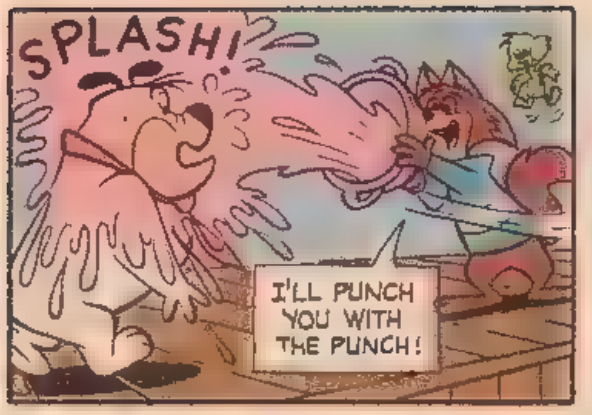

I BOO BOOED! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOCK OUT CHOPPER?
I DIDN'T! THAT BANANA PEEL HE SLIPPED ON DID IT FOR ME!

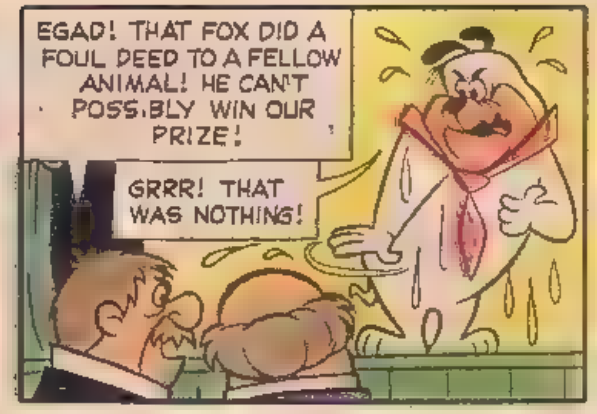

I'LL FIX YOU LATER FOR YOUR LITTLE STUNT! RIGHT NOW, IT'S TIME TO GET TO THAT MEETING!


SOON...
HERE'S THE KINDLY FOX, I TOLD YOU ABOUT, FELLOW MEMBERS!
ONE PEEP OUT OF YOU AND YOU'LL BE PRESSED DUCK!
CLAP!
CLAP!

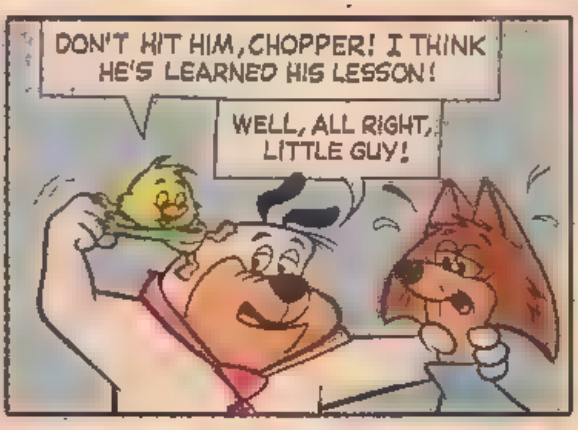

WHAT A BONEHEAD I WAS TO LET FIBBER GET AWAY! BUT I THINK THIS IS WHERE THAT MEETING YAKKY TOLD ME ABOUT WAS GOING TO BE HELD!
BE KIND TO ANIMALS CLUB

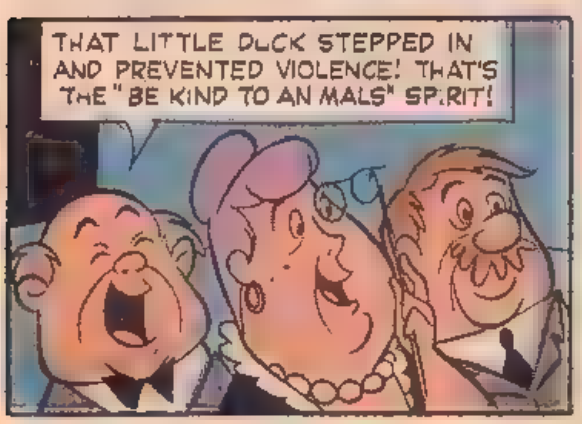

THERE YOU ARE!
YIPE! CHOPPER!

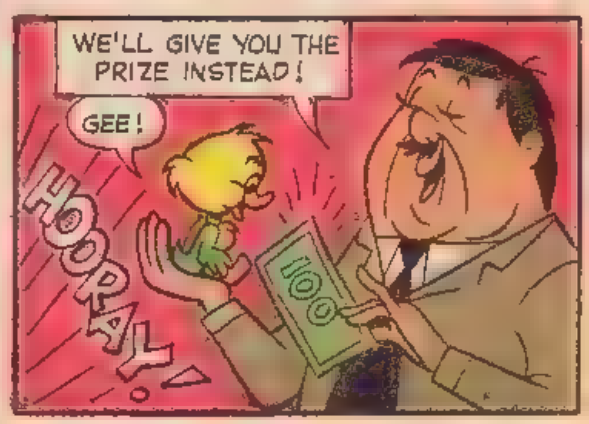

SPLASH!
I'LL PUNCH YOU WITH THE PUNCH!

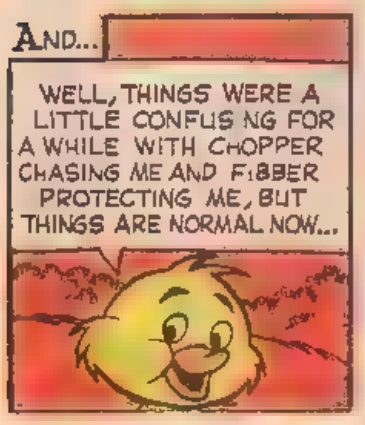

EGAD! THAT FOX DID A FOUL DEED TO A FELLOW ANIMAL! HE CAN'T POSSIBLY WIN OUR PRIZE!
GRRR! THAT WAS NOTHING!

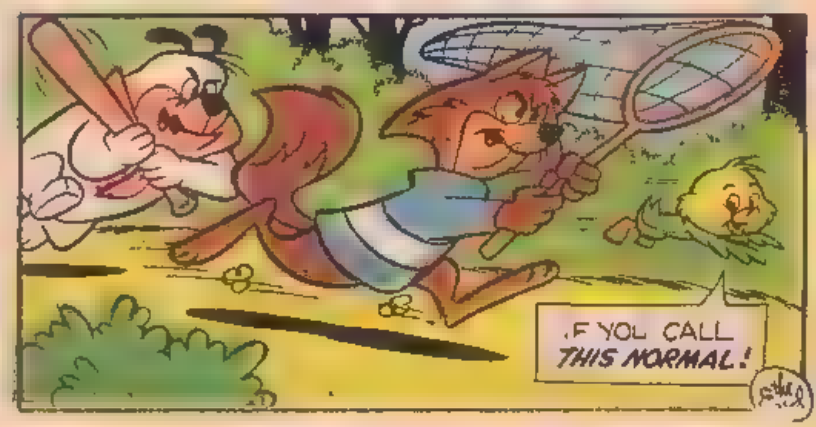
WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE DEED I'M GOING TO DO TO HIM!
EEK! CAN THIS BE HAPPENING AT THE "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" CLUB?

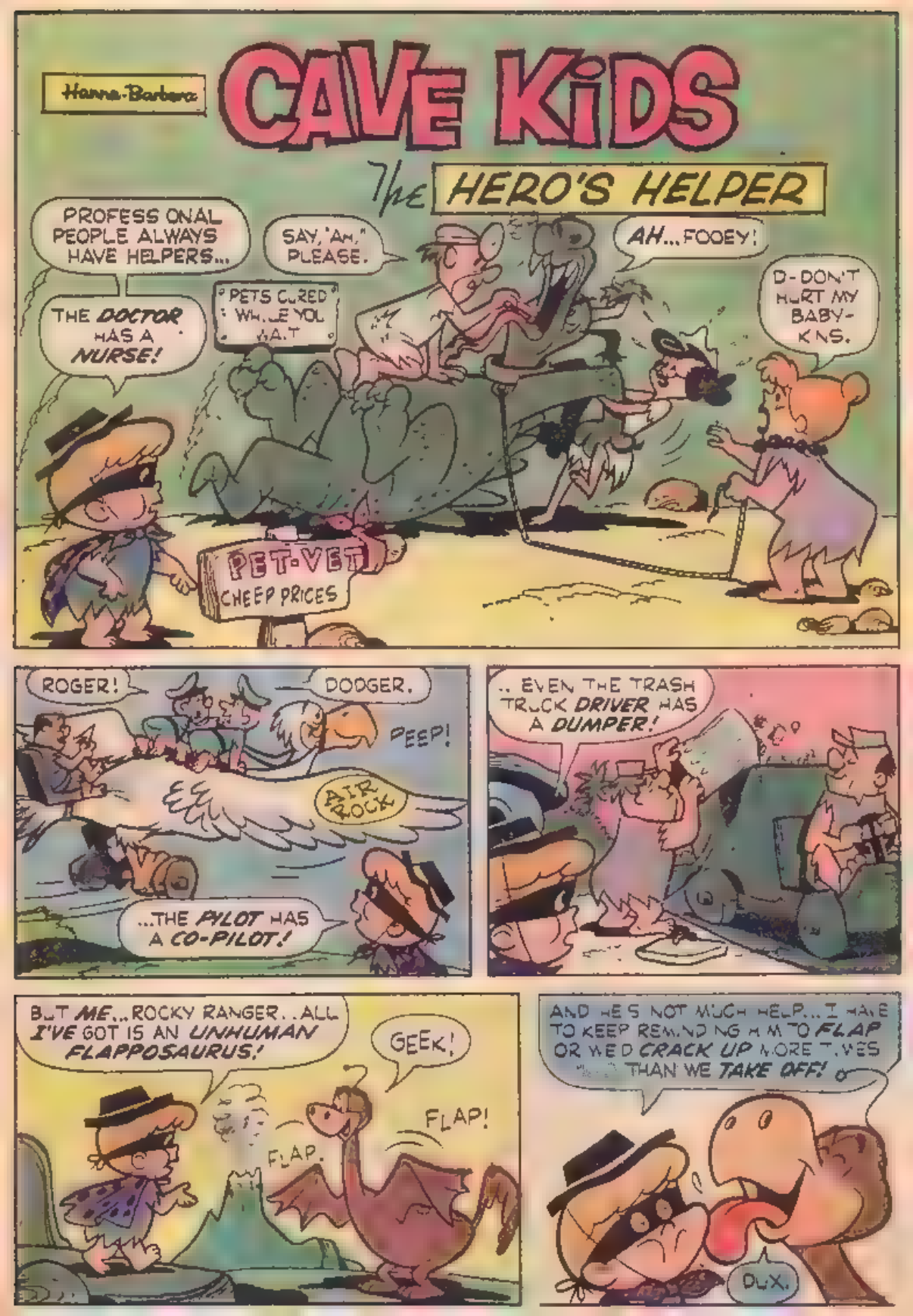

DON'T HIT HIM, CHOPPER! I THINK HE'S LEARNED HIS LESSON!
WELL, ALL RIGHT, LITTLE GUY!


THAT LITTLE DUCK STEPPED IN AND PREVENTED VIOLENCE! THAT'S THE "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" SPIRIT!


WE'LL GIVE YOU THE PRIZE INSTEAD!
GEE!
HOORAY!
100


AND...
WELL, THINGS WERE A LITTLE CONFUSING FOR A WHILE WITH CHOPPER CHASING ME AND FIBBER PROTECTING ME, BUT THINGS ARE NORMAL NOW...


IF YOU CALL THIS NORMAL!


Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
The HERO'S HELPER
PROFESS ONAL PEOPLE ALWAYS HAVE HELPERS...
THE DOCTOR HAS A NURSE!
SAY, "AH," PLEASE.
PETS CURED WHILE YOU WAIT
AH... FOOEY!
D-DON'T HURT MY BABY-KINS.
PET-VET
CHEEP PRICES
ROGER!
DODGER.
PEEP!
AIR ROCK
...THE PILOT HAS A CO-PILOT!
.. EVEN THE TRASH TRUCK DRIVER HAS A DUMPER!
BUT ME... ROCKY RANGER.. ALL I'VE GOT IS AN UNHUMAN FLAPPOSAURUS!
GEEK!
FLAP!
FLAP.
AND HE'S NOT MUCH HELP... I HAVE TO KEEP REMIND NG H M TO FLAP OR WE'D CRACK UP MORE T MES THAN WE TAKE OFF!
DUX.

HELP...OH, HELP!
WELL, HERE I GO AGAIN...
...THE LONE HERO! FLAP, FLAPPY, FLAP!
GEEEE!
WOW! SOMEBODY IS SURE GOING TO TOWN ON THE PIANO!
PLUNK.
HELP...OH, HELP!
HUH? WHAT KINDA PARTY IS THIS?
...IT'S NO P-PARTY, ROCKY...
TAKING CARE OF LITTLE BAMM-BAMM IS A PANIC! MAKE HIM STOP BAMMING THE PIANO!
HEY! HEY! STOP IT, BAMM-BAMM!
BAMMMM!
BAMM!
SEE? ALL IT TOOK WAS A FIRM FINGER-SHAKE TO MAKE HIM...
OW! OW! OW!
WELL, AT LEAST THIS IS A CHANGE OF TUNES FROM THE PIANO!
BAMM-BAMM!
BAMM-BAMM!

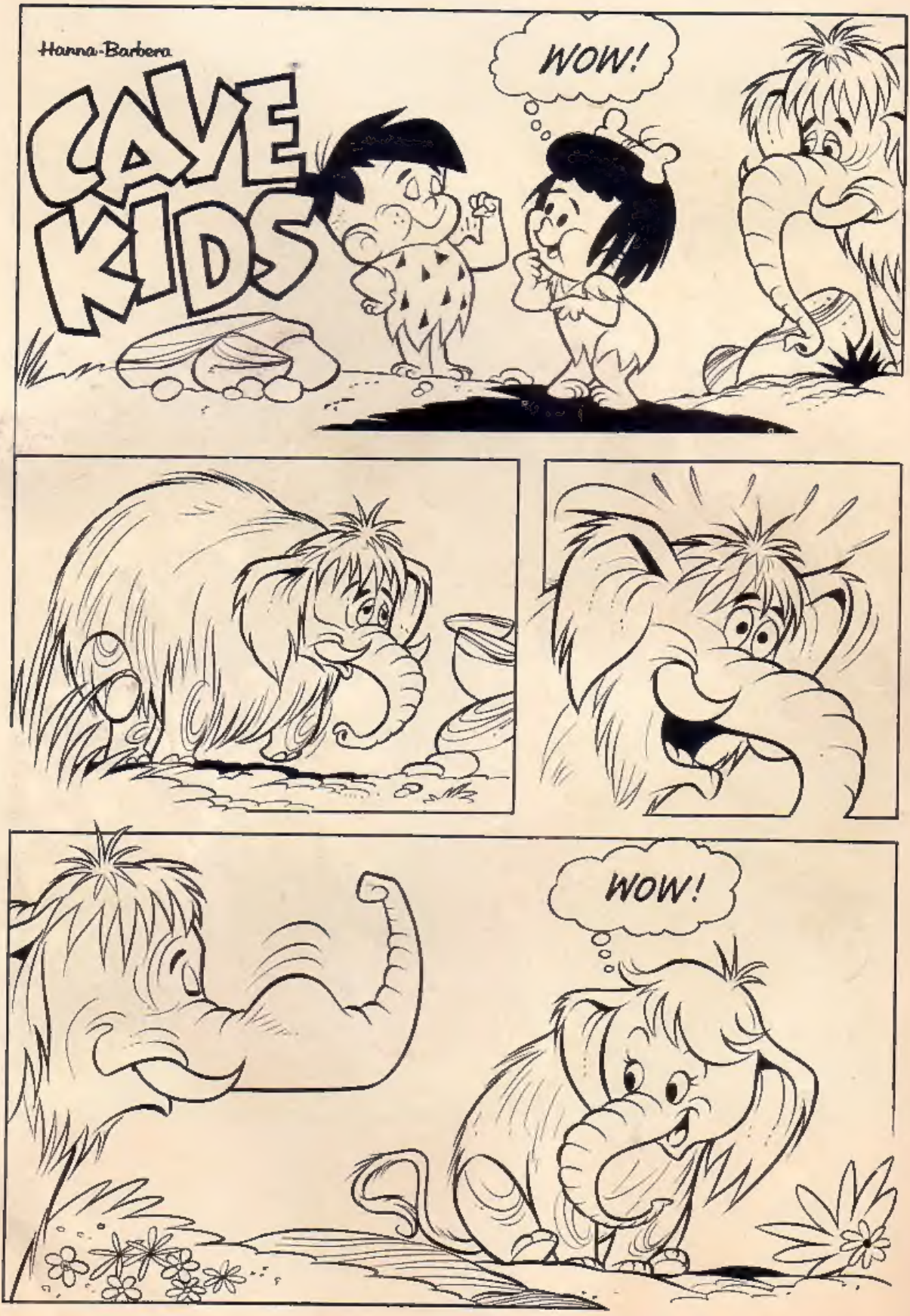
BAMM-BAMM!
WHEW! FOR A TODDLER, HE PACKS A LOT OF POWER.
YES, IT'S TOO BAD ALL HIS ENERGY CAN'T BE CHANNELLED INTO SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE.
TWEET, TWEET!
WOWIE. WHAT A SUPER IDEA, SUZY!
AND SO...
BAMM-BAMM!
THIS KID IS MADE-TO-ORDER-TO BE MY ASSISTANT!
SNORT!
HELP!
HEH! HE CATCHES ON QUICK! AND HE DOES A THOROUGH JOB.
THANK YOU, BAMM-BAMM.
BAMM!
BAMM!
BAMM-BAMM EVEN PROVES USEFUL IN NATURAL DISASTERS...
HE SURE REVERSES AN AVALANCHE IN SHORT ORDER!
S.O.L.
WHAMM!
HEH! I'VE GOT IT MADE.

THEN ONE DAY DURING NAP TIME...
IT'S GETTING SO BAMM-BAMM DOES EVERYTHING FOR ME! IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO GO FOR A WALK ALONE!
I'D BETTER TAKE MY CLUB ALONG, JUST IN CASE...
UNK!
OOOPH! I...I CAN HARDLY LIFT IT!
I'VE BECOME WEAK FROM INACTIVITY! IT DOESN'T PAY TO HAVE A HELPER!
WAKE UP, BAMM-BAMM. YOU'RE FIRED!
BAMM-BAMM!
OW! I CAN SEE IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY TO GET RID OF HIM!
HMM... I'LL USE CHILD PSYCHOLOGY ON HIM...
...THAT'S IT! I'LL SPOIL HIM WITH BOY-TYPE TOYS!
TOYS
...AND HE'LL SOON FORGET ABOUT SERVING ME!

BUT...
BASEBALLS AND BATS ARE LIKE NOTHING N HIS HANDS.
CRACK!
HE DOESN'T GET THE DEA OF HOW TO PLAY WITH A TRAIN AT ALL:
BAMM-BAMM!
BUT AMAZINGLY ENOUGH, HE IS FASCINATED WITH THE BUILDING SET, OF ALL TH NGS.
HELP! ...HELP!
YAY. HE'S FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT BEING MY HELPER!
LET'S GO! HI-HO, FLAPPY!
BOY, WHAT A JOY TO BE A LONER AGA.N.
DUX!
FLAP!
FLAP.
BAMM-BAMM!
OH, NO: I D DN'T KNOW YOU GOT ON.
AND HE S BU LT HIMSELF A BIGGER CLUB WITH THE BLILD NG SET!
BRDY!
HELP!

IT'S MR. FLINTSTONE WHO'S IN DISTRESS ...A BOULDER'S ON HIS FOOT!
OOH-OOH...YES, I'M TRYING TO MOVE ALL THE ROCKS OUTA MY YARD, AND I DROPPED THIS ONE!
BAMM-BAMM!
PIJNZ!
WELL, THERE'S NO USE IN ME EVEN TRYING ... WITH MY EAGER HELPER HERE!
BAMM-BAMM!
THANKS, BAMM-BAMM!
BOY, THIS IS ONE MISERABLE JOB... CLEARING AWAY THESE ROCKS!
BAMM-BAMM!
EH? WHAT'S WITH BAMM-BAMM?
ZIP!
HEH! HE SURE LIKES PEBBLES FLINTSTONE... LOOK AT HIM SHOW OFF!
BAMM-BAMM!
BUT PEBBLES ISN'T MUCH IMPRESSED!

UGH! WHAT A JOB GETTING THESE ROCKS LOOSE...
HMM...BRAINS ALWAYS TRIUMPHS OVER BRAWN IN THE LONG RUN...
OVER HERE; BAMM-BAMM... I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT WILL MAKE EVERYBODY HAPPY!
?
AND SO...
YAY! IT WORKED!
I'M A LONE OPERATOR AGAIN, AND GLAD OF IT!
BAMM-BAMM!
AND BAMM-BAMM IS MAKING A HIT WITH PEBBLES BY HELPING HER DADDY CLEAR HIS YARD OF ROCKS!
HI-HO, FLAPPOSAURUS! AWAY!
HEY! POUNDIN' 'EM UNDERGROUND SURE BEATS DIGGIN' 'EM UP!
YABBA-DABBA, BAMM-BAMM!
BAMM-BAMM!


Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
WOW!
WOW!

CAVE KIDS PIN-UP